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Dishing the Chancellor

Mr. Churchill's portentous crisis warnings and his assurance that the House would be told of "far-reaching measures" had placed the patient Mr. Butler in an intolerable position. The Government still has no policy other than import cuts and credit restriction for dealing with the crisis, and there were no far-reaching measures for him to announce. Since Mr. Churchill had reserved to himself the privilege of dealing with "the new pattern" of rearmament, the Chancellor had to deliver a string of clichés strung together from discarded speeches of Labour Chancellors. Even his modest achievement in checking the flight of gold was discredited by the aura of anti-climax created by the Prime Minister's irresponsibility. Mr. Boothby spoke for most of his colleagues in demanding that the Government "should not alarm them, but should send for them when they had something to say—and had a constructive policy, which they should get as soon as possible." After nine months of office, Mr. Churchill has lost the confidence of the country and destroyed the self-confidence of his Party.

Nor is it likely that cuts in the Defence programme, however gloriously clothed in Churchillian verbiage, will bring much consolation to Government supporters, or for that matter to the Labour Front Bench. When this year's £1,400 millions Defence estimates were debated last February, it was noted that the pace of the rearmament train had been slowed from 30 to 20 miles an hour. But it was only the Bevanites who pointed out that even this reduced speed was greater than our economy could bear. Speaking for them on that occasion, Mr. Crossman predicted that the Churchill arms programme would go the way of the Attlee arms programme within six months. Mr. Churchill has confirmed this prediction: pressure on engineering *is* to be relieved in favour of exports—though it is not clear whether these are to benefit from top priority or the savings which are, somewhat mysteriously, to accrue from making "improved weapons." Meanwhile, to help sterling, arms to be sold to Belgium and the U.S. Here is a *reductio ad absurdum* of rearmament. We first dislocate our engineering industry and jeopardise five years of post-war recovery in a frantic effort to provide a British contribution to the defence of Europe. We then use the equipment, not for armoured divisions or the R.A.F. but as dollar exports!

But the problem is not merely one of arms production. Mr. Butler rightly emphasised that our overseas military commitments, which include the maintenance of no fewer than 10 divisions outside Britain, impose on us a burden of £200 m. a year. He did not mention that his colleague Mr. Eden has gaily added at least another £100 m. (payable in gold after June of next year) by absolving the Germans from charges which helped to pay our occupation costs. No amount of import cuts or credit restrictions or whittling down the arms programme or appeals for wage restraint will alter the basic fact that it is the weight of these military commitments which is crushing our economy just as the French economy is being crushed by the Indo-Chinese war. If Britain is to avoid national insolvency she must be prepared to slough off some at least of her military commitments in Germany, Egypt and the Far East. It is because Mr. Churchill is the last man to see this that Mr. Butler's problem is insoluble. Let us hope that Mr. Attlee will avoid putting the next Labour Chancellor in the same impossible position.

Egyptian Coup d'Etat

King Farouk's abdication has swept away more than Beys and Pashas; it has destroyed what was left of British policy in Egypt. Ever since the Cairo riots and the dismissal of Parliament, the country has been ruled by a succession of "independent" Prime Ministers hand-picked by the King. Since the Wafd (which was imposed on Farouk by Lord Killearn in 1943) had proved incorrigibly nationalist, as well as incorrigibly corrupt, it was hoped that a royal dictatorship, fortified by rigged elections, might prove more amenable to British pressure. But the King was one worse than the Wafd. He would not budge on the Sudan and the scale of his corruption

was even vaster than that of the politician. Moreover, he made the fatal mistake of alienating the army by ordering the closure of the Officers' Club and selecting his brother-in-law as Minister of War. This was the spark that set off the *coup d'état* of General Neguib. It is improbable that the General shares the grandiose political ambitions of Colonel Sheshakly, the Syrian dictator. An honest fighting soldier, his indignation was aroused by royal interference in Army affairs, and in particular by the scandals concerning the supply of equipment during the Palestine war. That he desires to limit his interference in politics to "the restoration of constitutional government" and the cleaning up of the Palestine scandals, is confirmed by his readiness to welcome the Wafd leaders back from their overseas holiday. But will it really be possible to halt the forces of revolution? In addition to the support of the Wafd, he has received a public testimonial from the leader of the Moslem Brotherhood, by far the most potent political force in Egyptian life. The Brotherhood, however, which has a strong hold among the younger Army officers, is virulently opposed to any kind of Western influence, including Parliamentary government. If General Neguib is content to let the Wafd regain power after cleaning up a few minor scandals, the Brotherhood will certainly remind him where political power lies.

Steel Denationalisation

The White Paper on iron and steel is almost exactly as forecast. A holding and realisation agency is to be established, under Treasury control, to sell off the assets of the Iron and Steel Corporation as best it can. At the same time, a Board will be set up to supervise broad policy. The Board will have power to veto capital investment which is held to be against the public interest. It will not be able to initiate necessary investment which is too unremunerative to be of interest to private enterprise; but the Minister of Supply will. The scheme is very similar to the Duncan proposals, toyed with by the Labour Government before the decision to nationalise. Its effect will be a profitable industry in private ownership, under very broad public supervision, running alongside an unprofitable, but vital, sector, owned by the Government. There is no technical reason why the plan should not work adequately. Whether it ever comes to pass depends on some complicated politics. Mr. Sandys has delayed publication of the White Paper in an effort to secure for his plans the general agreement of both the industry and the Corporation. In the event, he has secured neither. The Corporation is sharply divided—and no doubt able to descry a new Labour Government just over the horizon. The industry is also divided between the big companies, anxious to regain some measure of "freedom," and the smaller companies, now in private ownership, who, by being placed under the Board, are to lose some of the freedom they enjoy at present. On the other side of the fence there are also two voices. Mr. Lincoln Evans, the General Secretary of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, is thought always to have favoured the Duncan approach. A majority of Labour people is now committed to full public ownership. But it is significant that the publication of the White Paper produced no immediate reaction from the leaders of the Labour Party. Presumably, they still adhere to their earlier warning of re-nationalisation with no additional compensation.

Doubts in Central Africa

The Government is hesitating over Central African federation. Its early attitude of confidence that African opposition could be overlooked or overcome has given place to a much more tentative approach. It is easy to see why. The more the Government extols the scheme for African listeners, the more the settlers of Southern Rhodesia dislike it, and vice versa. The Colonial Secretary told the Commons last week that the "next conference" on federation would be held in January, not October; that Parliament would be given another opportunity of considering the proposals before any attempt was made to put them into effect; and that the Government was not, at this stage, committed to impose federation. This is certainly a retreat; and behind this retreat there may even exist a real doubt in Conservative minds, for the first time, that federation can be obtained after all.

Hardening of Labour opinion against the proposals was reflected in an able and important speech by Mr. Griffiths which the daily press has for the most part ignored. Mr. Griffiths gave solid reasons why he thought that the present proposals were in many respects inferior, from the standpoint of protecting African interests, to the earlier proposals—to which, he was careful to add, the Labour Government had not in any case been committed. He could find no provision for the political advancement of the Africans in the Federal Legislature "except by the will and the initiative of the European elected members in the federation." Having regard to major changes between the old and new proposals, "I could not honestly commend them to the people of Central Africa or to Hon. Members of the House for acceptance." This means substantially that the Opposition—with some individual but unimportant exceptions—is now committed to oppose federation on the terms under discussion; and that any federation carried through under the present Government would almost certainly be regarded with disapproval by the next Government.

Overcrowded Prisons

In its report on prisons, the Select Committee on Estimates has once more drawn attention to evils which call urgently for remedy. The Committee points out that the total number of prisoners, now over 25,000, is the highest for 60 years; that, with few exceptions, existing prisons are antiquated structures difficult to administer and costly to maintain; and that shortage of prison officers (due largely to poor lodgings and the length and irregularity of working hours) is leading to deplorable conditions. Because there are not enough officers to exercise effective supervision over prisoners out of their cells, prisoners in local prisons are spending up to 13½ hours a day in confinement and putting in an average of only 22 hours a week at work. It is obvious that not only is there need for new prison buildings—in February this year 4,500 male prisoners were sleeping three together in cells designed for one—but conditions must be created in which the job of prison officer attracts an adequate flow of recruits.

Free Trading in Lead

The Government's decision to free the lead market is surprising in the light of Mr. Butler's warnings about the overseas deficit. The only reason why the Labour Government did not take this step some two years ago was because neither Ministry of Supply officials nor the London Metal Exchange were able to devise satisfactory methods of both freeing the market and obviating the risk of considerable dollar losses. It is difficult to know how the present Government has overcome these difficulties. For the necessary exchange controls are liable to deprive the market both of its attractions to the speculative broker and of its advantages as the yardstick of a "free" price. Mr. Strauss, who, apart from his responsibility for these decisions in the last Government, has a lifelong experience of the Metal Exchange, asked in the Commons what steps were being taken to "prevent excessive quantities being bought for dollars . . . to prevent serious damage to our balance of payments situation?" The Government's spokesman's reply, that the arrangements for tin had proved satisfactory and that similar arrangements would be made for lead, was entirely irrelevant. The tin market was freed some years ago because there is not a dollar loss involved, and lead was maintained under Government purchase precisely because there is.

Curtain-raiser at Margate

The preliminary agenda for the Trades Union Congress at Margate on September 1 suggests that the proceedings may be an interesting curtain-raiser to Morecambe. The platform resolutions which the General Council will draft have not yet been issued, but those lodged by constituent unions are preponderantly "Leftish": there are blunt demands for the prevention of the rearmament of Germany, for a Five Power peace conference, and for the cutting down of armament expenditure. Most, if not all, of these resolutions are likely to be steamrollered by the big general workers' unions; but the issue will be in much greater doubt if, as expected, the General Council frames a policy resolution advising—with no matter what qualifications—some degree of restraint in pressing wage claims. Not merely have the railwaymen had their demands rejected for the second time by the Railway Executive, but the National Coal Board has uncompromisingly turned down the miner's demand for an additional thirty shillings a week. The miners are indignant; and even Sir William Lawther, a trade union leader very far removed from the Left, has voiced their determination to press their claims. Neither the N.U.M. nor the N.U.R. nor, still less, the A.E.U., will vote for a platform resolution which advocates the case for "restraint"; and if the General Council is not careful, the miners, who will have listened to plenty of speeches underlining the connection between rearmament expenditure and the wage freeze, may display less "loyalty" than at their own annual conference, last month.

WASHINGTON

The Man in the Middle

A Correspondent writes: In nominating Governor Stevenson and Senator Sparkman, the Democrats have picked a team that is able to unite the party and could well be strong enough to win next November. The price of this "ticket" has been a shift towards the political centre, and a possible weakening of the party's appeal to Northern liberals and Negroes. But, since these groups are unlikely to vote Republican, the price may seem a small one to pay for a guarantee of the electoral votes of the whole South.

Adlai Stevenson may genuinely have sought to escape nomination, and have had no part at all in the Convention manœuvring. But there is now no doubt that his supporters put him over by the neatest floor management that has been seen since Jim Farley organised Roosevelt's nomination at Chicago in 1932, and that the Stevenson managers were in effective control of the Convention from its outset. Their strength lay in the tacit alliance of the Northern city machines with the moderate South. The party bosses would not accept Kefauver at any price. They could not accept Harriman, because his nomination would have meant a head-on fight over civil rights and the possible loss of five or six Southern States either to Eisenhower or to some other Dixiecrat nominee. And, as their hopes of victory revived in the last three weeks, they were sure that Stevenson was the man to beat Eisenhower. Similarly, the South knew that it could not nominate its own favourite, Senator Russell, and that though Stevenson was in most things a cautious liberal, he had dissociated himself from the militant civil rights group.

The first test of this alliance came after the Northern liberals had nominally won their fight for a loyalty pledge that threatened to drive Virginia, Louisiana and South Carolina out of the Convention. It required very little effort on the part of the Stevenson forces, first to moderate the wording of the pledge, and then to seat the three delegations that still refused to sign. After that, it was clear that Stevenson—who was always "available"—would have an easy run, and the bandwaggon began to roll. President Truman's decision to back him was merely the final push.

His nomination, therefore, is a triumph for the "men of the middle," who want passionately to win fifteen weeks from now, and who regard both the Northern liberals and Southern extremists as awkward partisans more interested in principle than victory. And, for the first time since 1932, the Democrats have chosen a real Southerner as their leader's running-mate. Though Senator Sparkman has a good record on social issues, he is "safe" enough on civil rights—four years ago he was a Dixiecrat—to reassure the South that, in swinging behind Stevenson, it has chosen a Northern liberal who will "respect" Southern "views" as Roosevelt did, and not another Truman to be a thorn in its sensitive flesh. This arrangement was open enough to provoke protests from the liberal group that the Dixiecrats and the city bosses were using Stevenson as a "front man" in a (successful) bid to regain control of the party.

It is too soon to say whether Adlai Stevenson will prove that he can be independent or decisive enough to rise above the men who have made him. In many ways, he may make a better President than Harry Truman. He would probably find it easier to work amicably with Congress. But he may not have the same gamecock courage when the cards are stacked against him, or, as Roosevelt had, the gift of adroit manœuvre. Certainly, millions of liberals and Negroes will watch his campaign closely for signs that party unity has not been achieved by running away from the best parts of the Truman programme.

PARIS

Deposing the Bey

Our Paris Correspondent writes: From Iran and Egypt attention in Paris is rapidly switching again to Tunisia, where the same Nationalist ferment is also working—though in a different way. The question in Paris to-day is: "Are we going to depose the Bey?" The choice, indeed, seems to lie among three solutions—deposing the Bey, "deposing" M. de Hauteclocque, the Resident-General, whose "tough" policy has not produced the desired results, and, finally, playing for time. But time is on the side of the Tunisians, for, with the U.N. Assembly approaching, and with India ready to raise the question of Tunisia there, it will be increasingly awkward for France if nothing is achieved in Tunisia by way of reforms."

Yet the reforms France is willing to grant, and which were submitted for the Bey's signature on Monday, are considered by most Tunisians as so much window-dressing. As the French themselves admit, the hour M. de Hauteclocque spent with the Bey was "definitely bad." The Bey recalled that he had agreed to the dismissal of the Chenik Government under duress, and that he had never considered the present Baccouche Government in any way representative; it was only an interim government, meant to deal with "current affairs," and had not been authorised to "negotiate" a settlement with the French. He refused to accept the French Plan, which only grants minor concessions to the Tunisians' demand for "internal autonomy," and asked for "a few months' time to reflect."

So the question that arises is really this: Will the French agree to wait in the hope that, with a little pressure and intimidation, they will finally get the Bey to agree to their proposals? Will they go right ahead and depose the Bey? Or will France, at this critical juncture, turn over a new leaf by reverting to the *status quo ante* December 15, when the reforms were still being negotiated with a *representative* Tunisian Government, and by a Resident-General who believed in methods other than those of M. de Hauteclocque. Unfortunately, since December 15 so much damage has already been done by these methods that the French Government seems to be afraid lest the return to more liberal methods may be interpreted by Tunisia as a sign of French weakness.

SCOTLAND

The Catto Report

A Scottish Correspondent writes: Two years ago, as the clamour for a Scottish Parliament began to reach a peak of intensity, the Labour Government, under pressure, set up a committee under the chairmanship of Lord Catto to report on the Scottish financial and trade statistics in relation to the rest of the United Kingdom. This was an attempt to answer in part the oft-repeated Scots allegation that Scotland gets an unfair share of the national "cake." Without the statistical facts no one could say whether self-government, in whatever form, was feasible or desirable, though the Committee itself was excluded from making any inquiry into, or recommendations on, political or economic matters.

With such restrictions, it is no surprise—and no criticism of the Committee—that its Report should be disappointing. It is odd, however, that it should have taken two years to arrive at its two main conclusions. First, it suggests that it should be possible to make a return of Scotland's share in U.K. fiscal revenue and of the Government's expenditure in Scotland. This is scarcely an original finding, since such returns were made annually from 1893 to 1922, and, after an interval, in 1932 and in 1935, when the practice stopped. As for the second, and principal, conclusion, the Committee found almost insuperable obstacles to "the ascertainment of Scotland's share in the external trade of the United Kingdom and of Scotland's balance of payments." As the Report says succinctly, these obstacles "spring from the inherent difficulty of attempting to analyse the economies of two countries which under existing constitutional arrangements are component parts of one unified economic system and enjoy complete freedom of intercourse."

The appointment of the Royal Commission, debarred from recommending devolution—the real crux of the matter in Scottish opinion—will scarcely solve Westminster's problem.

WESTMINSTER

Last Rows of Summer

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: Both Parties have had their dramas this week. The Tories, heartened, or at any rate disciplined, by Mr. Churchill's emergency meeting with the 1922 Committee, turned up in loyal strength and with taut faces to greet the "grave and far-reaching measures" which Mr. Butler was to present as a cure for our economic ills. But the grave measures turned out to be almost non-existent; and Mr. Butler's uncomfortable and platitudinous review of the economic situation was a total fiasco, embarrassing to his own supporters and damaging to his deservedly high Parliamentary reputation. Mr. Churchill's malicious twinkle, throughout the long hour of the Chancellor's torment, was in sharp contrast with Mr. Butler's set and angry expression. Mr. Gaitskell exploited the division between them with biting wit and great tactical skill. A perceptive onlooker, watching the first day of this disappointing debate, would say that, from now on, bitter feuds are by no means the monopoly of the Labour Party.

Labour, meanwhile, faced the end of the Parliamentary year with a surprising decision to act as a united party. For at this week's Party meeting, the last of a long series on German re-armament, the champions of the Right collapsed in utter defeat. The Party decided by overwhelming majorities to support a reasoned amendment, incorporating the Attlee conditions, to the Government's motion which called for ratification of the Bonn agreements; and, once the amendment had been voted down, to vote a second time against the substantive motion. This is the most forthright condemnation possible in Parliamentary terms; and the decision leaves the little group of last-ditch "German re-armers" isolated and negligible. This sharp and sudden swing—only a week earlier the two factions had seemed much more evenly balanced—was the outcome of a good deal of private horse-trading. Mr. Dalton, Mr. Bevan, and Mr. Shinwell are all reported to have been active over the week-end; indeed, to secure such an important victory, the Left conceded a good deal of distasteful verbiage in the amendment finally agreed. It is, none the less, a considerable triumph for Mr. Dalton, Mr. Crossman and others who have been unwavering in opposition ever since the project of giving arms to Dr. Adenauer was first mooted. But fundamentally, it is an admission by the Parliamentary Labour Party that, while it is, as it were, licensed to be about six months behind current Labour opinion, it cannot indefinitely maintain a position when both the weight of the argument and the feelings of its supporters outside are dead against it.

After The Hague Court

THE decision of The Hague Court in the Anglo-Iranian dispute means that Britain can expect no assistance in retaining control of Persian oil either from the International Court or, indeed, from the Security Council. It also leaves the British Government, in the eyes of the world, in the unfortunate position of blockading the high seas in defence of a private company. It means that this country, standing on its own, must now decide whether to go for a settlement on terms which Dr. Mossadeq will accept, or whether to leave the Persians to stew in their own unrefined oil and watch the Tudeh Party rise to power as the Mossadeq administration crumbles for lack of the means to finance essential services.

Meanwhile, the situation has turned against Britain in other ways. The Foreign Office has based its policy so far on the belief that, if the squeeze were kept on Mossadeq, the Persians would themselves reject him and install a Government ready to collaborate in securing British interests. The fate of Ahmad Qavam's three-day premiership gives the answer to that. The only alternative to Mossadeq, whose prestige is now higher than it has ever been, is the Tudeh if he fails. Moreover, Czech, Swiss, Italian and even American interests are in the queue for "black" oil from the Gulf, and will undoubtedly be ready to run risks in breaking Britain's very questionable blockade.

This is a situation which could lead to consequences far more serious than the loss of Persian oil; and the Foreign Office must face the fact that its Persian policy, under both Governments, has been an abject and dangerous failure. To say this, however, is not to deny the existence of a real dilemma. If no settlement is now negotiated between Teheran and Whitehall, the present Persian regime must collapse before long and must almost inevitably be succeeded by the Tudeh. Since 1946, it has been a major objective of British policy to keep the Russians out of Persia. So Mr. Eden (to say nothing of Mr. Acheson) can scarcely find this an acceptable prospect. To allow such a collapse to occur, in the hope that British or British and American troops could then find a pretext for occupying Persia, is a possibility which might possibly have attractions for Mr. Churchill, but which would surely lead to the final rejection of Western authority in all the Arab countries and which could lead to war. Further, it is conceivable that the U.S. would not agree to stand by and watch this happen; and a settlement between Teheran and Washington, imposed against our impotent protests, would be economically and politically damaging and would lead to a rupture of Anglo-American relations of the gravest kind and in the worst cause.

The alternative—to face the facts and go for the best settlement possible with Dr. Mossadeq—also contains disagreeable consequences and unpredictable risks. In the first place, Britain would have not only to concede the implications of The Hague Court judgment by calling off the blockade, but also to admit in full the Persian claim that the oil is now nationalised, and that Anglo-Iranian, in Persia, is no more than the "former Company." Such an admission, while according, in our view, with the law, the facts and good sense, is a bitter pill for the Foreign Office to swallow. Nor is that all. For to negotiate now about the amount of compensation (and Mossadeq has explicitly and as recently as last week offered to negotiate on compensation), might give the green light to the other oil-producing countries of the Middle East to set about the not too difficult operation of driving out the British, even the American, concessionaires.

This is a real danger but it can be overstated. The "oil sheikhs" live, not as guardians of a subterranean treasure house, but by royalties on oil which must be piped, refined and sold in the world market. They live, too, just as long as the Russians can be kept on the other side of the mountains. Their interest is to maintain their position on the most favourable terms. And one of the lessons of Persia to both sides is that collaboration will pay the best dividends. What went wrong in Persia was the negligence of the British Government in not using its predominant shareholding to compel Anglo-Iranian, before the crisis developed, to follow a policy which would have satisfied Persian national aspirations and made possible the social and economic development of the country. A beginning has been made in Saudi Arabia, Kuweit, and the other oil concessions, to pay for what is taken on more reasonable terms. It is a process which will have to go much further and will have to include a sharing of technical and managerial effort, no less than a division of the spoils. If it is suggested that this policy tends to prop up decrepit, feudal regimes against popular demands, the answer is that national liberation, often headed by reactionary forces, is the first stage of social revolution. In the case of oil there is no sure reason why stable agreements should not be made in the best interests of the Western Powers and the peoples concerned—whatever rulers they eventually choose.

But suppose this does not work out: suppose that a settlement with Mossadeq does set in train a series of nationalist uprisings aimed at driving oil imperialism out of the Middle East. Is that necesarily disastrous? Will it not, in the long run, happen in any event? It would not mean depriving the world of Middle East oil. It would mean that the industrial Powers, seeking to use the oil, would have to negotiate freely and as between equals with the producing countries, needing to sell it. Surely it is better that British policy should be harmonised with this inevitable trend, while there is still time, than that an outmoded, unjustifiable and, in the end, unviable imperialism should be liquidated by violence, and at the expense of British influence among the Arab peoples and the extension of the iron curtain to the shores of the Red Sea.

Facts of Life for Socialists

OUR immediate problem is twofold. We have to balance our accounts with the rest of the world; and we have also to act as honest trustees on behalf of the whole sterling area for which we act as international bankers. The first of these obligations includes provision for the gradual repayment of our sterling debts to India and to a number of other countries, and also what we have borrowed from the United States and Canada; and over and above these payments it includes provision for helping with capital advances the economic development of the colonial countries. The second involves a recognition that what are called the British gold and dollar reserves really belong, not to Great Britain, but to the sterling area as a whole, and that we have no right to run them down in order to maintain our own standards of consumption.

What do these obligations amount to? Last year, the British deficit in the balance of current transactions only was about £520 millions, and in terms of visible trade (imports and exports only) about £790 millions. Roughly one-seventh of our imports were not covered either by the value of exports or by the "invisible" receipts from shipping, overseas investments, etc. It is true that these imports were a good deal greater in volume (100 as against 86 for 1950) than those of the previous post-war years; but even so they were no greater, despite increased population, than the imports of 1938, and considerably below those of 1937. Part of the increase over 1950 was due to restocking policy; and part was due to rearmament. But the principal factor in bringing about the great change from the current surplus of 1950 to the huge deficit of 1951 was the sharp rise in the prices of many imports. This rising tendency has now been partly reversed, but not wholly: we have still to reckon with the prospect for some time at least of less favourable terms of trade than we have had since 1945.

If it were only a matter of eliminating this current deficit, the situation would be serious enough in view of the unfavourable conditions for the expansion of our exports. But we need to do much more than this if we are to meet our obligations for repayment of past debts and for economic aid to the colonies and to other undeveloped areas—to say nothing of military costs abroad. In 1949 (it is impossible to use the figures for 1950 because they are an average of two conflicting measurements before and after the Korean crisis), Great Britain received in aid from the U.S. nearly as much as it invested abroad (roughly £160 millions net). We have, therefore, not merely to get back to where we were in 1949 and in the early months of 1950, but to do substantially more in a distinctly less favourable world situation.

In the second place, we have to safeguard the reserves of the sterling area as well as to rectify our own balance. Broadly, what has happened to these reserves during the past two years or so is that they have been first swollen greatly by the inflated receipts of the sterling countries from raw materials of which the prices rose sharply in the second half of 1950 and the early months of 1951, and then run down no less sharply as these countries spent their windfall gains on increased imports, largely from dollar sources. At the same time they have been further depleted by their use to meet Great Britain's own deficit. They are now back at a level which is manifestly too low to provide an adequate safeguard for the currency, and, so far from having any claim to draw upon them further, Great Britain is under a moral obligation to act with the other sterling countries in restoring them to a more satisfactory level.

These are the hard facts of our present plight, which there is no good reason for regarding as merely a passing trouble caused by the Korean War. It is, on the contrary, a situation brought

about by the operation of long-term forces to which we must adjust our economy at whatever cost. In 1950 our total imports cost us £2,608 millions, of which raw materials accounted for £997 millions and food, drink and tobacco for £1,030 millions. In 1951 the figures were £3,914 millions, £1,715 millions, and £1,299 millions. It is obvious that we cannot afford to go on importing at anything like these rates, unless we can increase exports—in an unfavourable world market—to a much greater extent than seems likely, especially if we divert our best exporting industries to rearmament.

Thus, only much higher productivity can make it possible for us to avoid a fall in our standards of consumption, both by providing more goods for our own use and by increasing our ability to pay for imports. But productivity to-day is no longer rising, and total production is showing a significant tendency to fall. The London and Cambridge Service's index of production, which stood at 150-151 (1946 = 100) last autumn, fell to 138, 144 and 145 for the first three months of this year. This was, of course, partly due to the sharp fall in textiles; but it affected shipbuilding, vehicles, machinery and other metal groups as well, and also building. The figures exclude finished munitions; but this is certainly not the main explanation of the fall, though dislocations due to the diversion of factories to rearmament have something to do with it. Whatever the causes, the fact remains. The increase in production, which had been rapid from 1946 to 1950, slowed down in 1951, and has now stopped.

In these circumstances, attempts to raise wages in order to offset the higher costs of living, however justifiable they may be, simply cannot yield the results which the workers expect of them. They can, at most, only benefit some sections at the expense of others—and mainly at the expense of such groups as pensioners living on small fixed money incomes. It is, nevertheless, quite out of the question to expect the trade unions to abandon their claims, which appear to most trade unionists no more than a matter of common justice. Nobody has really explained to the trade unionists, or to the public as a whole, that ever since the war (and indeed during the war as well) the standard of living in Great Britain has been in effect subsidised by foreign aid or borrowing from abroad, even in those years in which current transactions have been balanced, because Great Britain's capacity to sustain its existing standards depends on achieving an international surplus available for paying off old debts and investing abroad, especially in colonial areas. Trade unionists instinctively relate their wage-demands to two main considerations—the claim to a satisfactory minimum standard of life and the level of profits realised by the firms that employ them. Conditions of full employment have at one and the same time raised the established conception of the minimum (by establishing an expectation of 52 weeks' full pay in the year) and swollen business profits; and these same conditions have greatly increased the trade unions' bargaining power. Trade unionists will take a lot of convincing that their standard of living is bound to be governed by the total supply of consumers' goods available for distribution, and that nothing except increased productivity can prevent a sharp fall in this supply. They are indeed most unlikely to be convinced until the situation is put to them frankly in sheer terms of physical shortages, or to acquiesce in it unless this demonstration is coupled with drastic measures against both high profits—undistributed as well as distributed—and against excessive consumption by the well-to-do. Clearly no such measures can be expected from a Tory Government: the question is whether the Labour Party is any readier than the Tories candidly to face and to tell the truth.

An essential part of this truth is that, if Great Britain is not to slide downhill economically—and therewith also in world political influence—at an increasing rate, we must get rid of our dependence on the Americans to pull us out of a hole whenever a serious crisis occurs. This dependence on America, which has been with us ever since 1945—and indeed since 1940—not only forces us always, in the final result, to do what the Americans insist on, but also to live on illusions which prevent us from taking the steps needed for recovery while there is still time. In this spirit of dependence we negotiated the American loan of 1946, because nobody was prepared to face the consequences of doing without it. In this spirit, we used Marshall Aid to eke out our standards of living instead of applying it to uses designed to bring our dependence to an end. The Labour Party was so happily busy in creating the Welfare State as to forget—or at any rate allow its supporters to forget—that the supreme need was to re-establish Great Britain's economic security in a world no longer responsive to British influence as of old.

All this means that there has, from now on, to be a Labour crusade for higher production, as the only way to set the British economy back on its feet. It means that, instead of cutting investment in order to reduce the immediate impact of adversity on the standard of living, we have to invest much more in the re-equipment of British industry for the formidable tasks of improvement and transformation which have now to be faced. It means more planning and more control—not less. It means more toughness with business men, big and little, and toughness with trade unions, too, unless they are prepared to act in accordance with the general interest. It means, therefore, getting the Tories out, and the Labour Party back in power; but this will avail little unless the Labour Party comes back prepared honestly to face the facts. These sentiments will no doubt be quoted as confirming charges which have been flung at Labour by its opponents again and again; and they do, in a sense, confirm them. But the moral is not that the Tories are right; for they least of all are capable of doing what is required. The moral is that there must be a prodigious effort, made by the workers above all, *but on conditions laid down on their behalf*, to get Great Britain back into a position to pay its way in the world. Talk of the next steps towards Socialism or even towards the ampler achievement of the Welfare State must take full account of these hard facts, or it will be nothing but hot air.

G. D. H. COLE

Cooking the News

THE man in the pillory naturally protests: "Why me?" The simple explanation is that now and then some incident will occur in which an upright minority considers that the limits of the tolerable have been overstepped, and that use of the stocks must be invoked. Such has been the case in the affair of Mrs. Maclean and the *Daily Express*. On July 16 that newspaper published prominently what purported to be an interview with the wife of the vanished Foreign Service official, with reference to her intention to leave England and live abroad. In response to one question she was described as having "smiled" and declined to answer. Now, except that the whole "interview" might be deemed to be a needless intrusion by the press into private life, and that Mrs. Maclean's departure was given in the headlines the somewhat derogatory term "quitting," the story published was not, on the face of it, particularly hurtful to the lady involved; indeed, in comparison with the lengths to which the Beaverbrook group has been known to go in presenting "news" and headlines calculated to discredit political opponents such as Mr. Aneurin Bevan and Mr. Strachey, the treatment of Mrs. Maclean was innocuous. The point is that, according to Mrs. Maclean, the "interview," in the sense in which that term is commonly accepted outside Fleet Street, never took place at all.

In a letter published in the correspondence columns of *The Times* of July 21, Lady Violet Bonham Carter wrote that Mrs. Maclean had signed a declaration stating that she had not given any personal interview to a *Daily Express* reporter, and that when a representative of that newspaper had telephoned to her with various inquiries, she had in substance declined to answer any of them. To this the editor of the *Daily Express* retorted that he had a full account of the telephone conversation between Mrs. Maclean and the reporter concerned, in whose integrity he had "complete faith." Thus, in so far as the nature of these particular questions and answers is concerned, it becomes a matter of one person's word against another's. The significant thing is that the *Daily Express* did not deny that the "interview," with the personal touch of the "smile," had consisted only in a telephone call; nor had it anything to say about the assertion—still more disquieting, in our view—which Lady Violet also made, that "a representative of the *Daily Express* asked a Foreign Office spokesman if Mrs. Maclean was a 'free agent,' to which he briefly replied 'Yes'." The version of this telephone call which the *Daily Express* published ran:

> Last night a Foreign Office official said: "There is no longer any reason for holding Mrs. Maclean in this country."

The official Foreign Office reply could no doubt be construed in that sense; but the implication of the words, the slightly disguised "smear," is startlingly different.

Petty in itself, the entire incident forms a spectacular example of a newspaper technique which has become widespread, and which now represents an integral factor in the calculated presentation of news by most popular papers. Set aside examples of malice or the deliberate intention to defame, within the limits of the law of libel, by distortion or sheer prevarication, the faked "interview," which reads as though it were a face-to-face conversation, but is really the re-hash of the results of a telephone call, is monstrously abused. Carefully framed leading questions answered monosyllabically are turned into statements made by the victim. The result, as when obviously tongue-tied people are credited with emotions and expressions of an unlikely and palpably "aided" nature, may be merely ridiculous. On occasion, since there are some questions to which even a purely negative reply is capable of damaging interpretation, the victim may be grievously wronged, socially or politically.

These invasions, however, of personal privacy, this insistence by the press that the lives and feelings of individuals even remotely involved in some incident, no matter how painful or discreditable, make essential news—all this stems from a more fundamental evil, the "cooking" of news itself. We use this word, in making such a generalisation, not in its pejorative sense as meaning that news is habitually falsified. By "cooked" we mean the ruling belief of the popular press

that the public will not read straight, objective accounts even of serious issues, and that its palate must be tickled by news that is sauced, spiced, seasoned with sensation, and garnished with personalities. At the morning editorial conference on the day preceding publication, decisions are taken that such and such items of news are to be featured, built up, and angled in this or that direction. That done, the function of the reporters, assigned by the News Editor to their tasks, is not so much to seek out and verify facts, as to find "angles" which will fit in to the preconceived "build up." Finally, the collection of items which their usually imperfect diligence (the convenient telephone saves sore feet) brings in, is rewritten into a finished story by a sub-editor who has been trained that readability is all, and that, the more a newspaper resembles a sensational feature magazine, the greater its proprietors' profits are likely to be. And this applies not merely to the trivialities of domestic life, but to the coverage and presentation of events and issues in countries abroad.

The result has been to degrade the whole profession of popular journalism. The few remaining foreign correspondents of intelligence and integrity are turned into apathetic cynics because their stories are thrown away or published in a mangled snippet—often in a *pastiche* of agency news given "Our Own Correspondent's" by-line. At home in Fleet Street, the reporter learns early that most of the stories worth writing are assigned to a few "specialists," and that, in the exercise of his own talents, he is an anonymous slave to the irresponsible whims of proprietors and circulation managers, conveyed through their obedient "stooge," the News Editor. The result is that, lacking standards of professional ethics, and fast losing the old traditions of accuracy and objectivity, popular newspapers are encouraging in their newsroom staff laziness and irresponsibility.

Commenting on the Maclean incident, Sir David Ross, on behalf of the members of the Royal Commission on the Press, and Mr. Ernest Jay, who was President of the National Union of Journalists at the time of that inquiry, have both urged in *The Times* that there should be no more delay in establishing the "watch-dog" Press Council which the Commission advocated, but which the newspaper proprietors have seemingly been so reluctant to join in creating. We endorse their plea; but, if the Press Council is to have any effect in purging newspapers of abuses, and in inculcating not merely a stricter code of ethics but a different, more responsible approach to the whole question of presenting news in a political democracy, there is an essential condition. On the Council itself much greater weight should be given than the Commission recommended to representatives of the public outside Fleet Street: the custodians of the press will be a farce if too many of them have "circulation" axes of their own to grind. It always surprised us that the Press Commission did not appreciate the importance of the example of the Press Council in Sweden, which exercises a potent influence on newspaper standards, though its actual interventions are very rare. The knowledge that a responsible Council is scrutinising the press and is ready to make a public issue of any gross breach of press standards, has in itself an important influence. If it were properly constituted, a similar Council here could do much to educate the public in its judgment of newspaper performance, and to stimulate readers—the final arbiters—to apply a wholesome discipline to editors and proprietors. As it is, Fleet Street's rejoinder to critics is to point to circulation figures and to argue, however speciously, that the public must be getting what it wants.

London Diary

EVA PERON'S story was much more than a Cinderella climb from rags to riches; more than the success story of an ambitious girl who liked the right soldiers, orchids, mink and diamonds. She was utterly loyal to Peron, once they began to rise together, but she was also determined to make herself a power and not merely to bask in the President's glory. In some ways her triumph was more remarkable than her husband's. Before Eva Peron showed the way, Argentine women had no place in public life, and were stifled by rigid social conventions. She was the illegitimate child of poor parents; she was earning twelve pounds a month as a radio performer and pin-up girl only ten years ago. Yet she managed to break the taboo, win the suffrage for Argentinian women and make herself the boss of organised labour. Strip away the glamour and the ostentation of the parvenue; overlook for a moment her capricious ruthlessness and the corruption which made inroads into the huge funds she distributed partly as official welfare schemes and partly as a matriarchal charity. She still appears as a remarkable woman, for whom social historians must surely find a place above those famous royal courtesans who used their feminine talents to open a career society would otherwise have denied them. I wonder how much difference her premature death will make to Peron. No doubt he will make as much as he can of the legend of Comrade Evita, who had made herself the real focus of proletarian loyalty to the regime. But he had already been running into difficulties with some working-class groups, and it had taken all his wife's charms to smooth over some ugly instances of strike-breaking and the peremptory dismissal of wage demands. Peron's problem will be to keep control of the Peronista labour movement his wife helped to build. It could develop an independent outlook that might embarrass his standing with the Army and business. Or it could become a purely servile tool of the regime and thus prove unable to ensure the loyalty of the working class on which, in a crisis, the Perons ultimately depended. In either case, Eva Peron's legacy to her country may prove as important as her husband's.

* * *

Sir Alexander Cadogan, now made chairman of the B.B.C., protests that he knows nothing of broadcasting, has never seen television and seldom listened to radio. I sympathise with this old-world attitude. No doubt Wordsworth was right in thinking that the world, even before broadcasting, was too much with us. But then Wordsworth was not given the job of directing it. Mr. Churchill explains that "many difficult questions are best approached with a fresh mind." Sir Alexander has many qualities, but freshness is not the most obvious.

* * *

"It is not I who defied the law"—the defendant is speaking—"it is the Minister of Justice, Mr. C. R. Swart, and his Nationalist Government who have defiled it and made a mockery of the fundamental principles upon which it is based. . . . Without a hearing, without the semblance of a trial, without a single fact, without any evidence, in the secrecy of Mr. Swart's Ministerial offices, I was judged by him, condemned and sentenced to lose my livelihood, my work and my liberty." Thus Solly Sachs, the South African trade union leader, in a statement handed to the magistrate in a subsequent trial "for speaking at meetings" in defiance of Swart's ban. Sach's whole conduct during this persecution has been on the same level of dignity and defiance. While his book, *The Choice Before South Africa* (Turnstile: London), is no longer subject to the Government's official ban in South Africa, he himself is now on bail pending appeal from a magistrate's sentence of six months' imprisonment for addressing two meetings. In these circumstances, it is good to know that 108 Labour M.P.s and seven Labour peers have signed a protest (organised by the Union of Democratic Control) against the persecution of Sachs and fellow trade unionists in South Africa. This statement, I find, has had wide publicity in the South African press and should help to restrain the excesses of a Government which must still pay some heed to responsible British opinion.

* * *

I gather from a friend just returned from a seaside holiday in North Devon that the fouling of the beaches by oil-sludge could ruin the holiday accommodation business—which is now, of course, a huge industry. High-water mark on the beaches, usually fringed with an irregular line of seaweed, is now a 3ft. belt of black, tarry lumps, varying in size from a sixpence to a saucer. Only the young and nimble can cross that belt to get to the washed sand and the rock-pools, or to have a bathe, unless they are prepared to spend half an hour cleaning their shoes or their bare feet with spirit or paraffin oil before going indoors again. The carpets in the hotel lounges, bedrooms, and staircases are a pathetic sight, and it seems doubtful whether any process could fully restore them. The cause of it all seems obvious enough—the discharge of "sludge" from tankers at sea—and the seaside landladies are anxiously watching the various leisurely moves towards a solution now going on in the shipping and oil-refinery world, though they profess to have little hope of any good result. Meanwhile, my friend offers one good tip to holiday makers coping with oily feet and clothes: go to an ironmonger's and buy a bottle of "white spirit"—sometimes called "turpentine substitute"—and then get a roll of cotton wool to make cleaning pads. "White spirit" is far cheaper than any other solvent at a shilling a pint.

* * *

"I should not be able to come to your country to study military tactics," said a young Burmese officer to me recently, "if we had not now brought the Communists under control and more or less settled the Karen question." He had been in command of an army which had defeated the Communists in the important Insein area near Rangoon. A few weeks ago, a high-powered Burmese military mission came through London on its way to Yugoslavia. It included a Brigadier who was responsible for defeating the Communists in another important area in Central Burma, and one of his colleagues showed me some of the political warfare leaflets used in this campaign. These conversations were only two bits of evidence that the tension in Burma is less. A Burmese Parliamentary mission has just been here talking to bishops and shipbuilders, and a young Burmese actor and musician has returned home with the idea of introducing Tonic Sol-fa notes into Burmese music, which should be a help to people like myself who can with difficulty distinguish "Pop goes the Weasel" from "God Save the Queen" but who find it quite impossible to make head or tail of the music that you now hear during a night-long *pwe* in Rangoon or Meiktila. Perhaps the most remarkable example of the Burmese desire to open windows to the West is the decision to adopt a decimal system of coinage. For myself, I am not at all anxious for the Burmese to be "westernised," but the Premier's chance of maintaining neutrality depends on Burma's ability to bargain with both East and West.

Twenty years ago, it seemed enough that a row of verminous slum cottages were replaced by a tidy block of sanitary flats. Few people then thought of making the flats agreeable as well as healthy. No one, for instance, thought of gardens. Nowadays, if you go to Euston and wander round the new blocks of flats in Somers Town, or travel out a little farther to Kentish Town or the Highgate Road, you will find gardens beautifully kept by the tenants of working-class flats, flower beds belonging to boys who wager pansies against their small neighbours' lobelias, fine vegetables growing on allotments planned between one block of flats and another, and, where room for gardens is lacking, built-in window boxes gay with geraniums and petunias. Some of these enterprising gardeners competed for prizes in a handicraft and gardening exhibition organised by the St. Pancras Housing Society last week. I was most impressed by magnificent gladioli and roses which had blossomed in one of the dirtiest areas in London. The judge carefully examined the roses for signs of blight; he found his hands dirty, not from black spot, but from smuts on the leaves. One reason for the success of this experiment in making London better to live in, is that the St. Pancras district now "co-operates" with the West Sussex Horticultural Club. West Sussex comes up to London and its experts are entertained in St. Pancras, and the new, proud gardeners of Somers Town go down to Sussex for air and refreshment, and hints about how to grow roses.

* * *

If, like Mussolini and other better men, you love daring, beautiful and subtle riding, you will be thrilled by the first half of Tom Arnold's Western spectacle at the Harringay Arena. By the interval, it seems that all the things that can be done on horses have been done. The trick riding and lassoing are all that a child can pray for. Everyone has enjoyed the terrific sport of cowboys being thrown off barebacked bucking bronchos; there is a superb item in which twenty-four horseback riders perform a quadrille which is as precise as Guards' drill and has all the beauty, rhythm and freedom which can never be permitted to cavalry on parade. If you are a schoolboy, you will no doubt also enjoy the second half of the Show in which whips crack, Red Indians parade and yodel into microphones . . . but at this point I must confess my enthusiasm waned and I came out. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Seventeen times a blonde, attractive, young mother hit her four-year-old daughter. "I don't swipe my children to hurt them. I do it to cool my temper," she was said to have told the police.—*Daily Mirror*. (Ann Yates.)

The charming Lady Docker took me for a ride in the car . . . disclosing the fittings, which include not only a cocktail bar but a tea service with gold-plated spoons and a dressing-case full of everything a woman needs to make "running repairs." Combs and brushes were encrusted with diamonds. Sir Bernard and his wife are spending the next fortnight drinking orange juice at a health establishment near London. They often take this treatment.—*News of the World*. (A. I. Bell.)

Performing mice are to demonstrate the correct use of zebra crossings at Tredegar, Monmouthshire, during National Road Safety Week.—*Daily Dispatch*. (David R. Brayshaw.)

The Xiest programme in London.—*Film Poster in Tottenham Court Road*. (L. Sherriff.)

PEACE BOMB

O, Andrei Gromyko comes out of the East
Like a dove or a peace-bomb from Moscow released,
He came all unarmed and he came all alone,
His purpose suspected, his errand unknown,
But comes he to spread, or to end the cold war,
This envoy despatched by the Soviet's Red Tsar?

Both leaflets and flowers were strewn in his way,
A follower projected a pinkish bouquet,
And somebody sounding a squeal of alarm
Was taken in charge by a British gendarme,
Some muttered "Go Home!" and some shouted "Hurrah!"
When diplomats greeted this famous Red star.

Quoth Andrei Gromyko: "My mission shall be
To make a big hit with your good *bourgeoisie*,
To strengthen and tighten the cordial ties
We forged when we battled as wartime allies,
No misunderstanding relations will mar
Between the U.K. and the U.S.S.R."

This personal message of friendship sincere
Was met with a boo, and was hailed with a cheer,
The envoy by Whitehall was warmly received
But Security forces were vastly relieved,
When Andrei Gromyko was led to his car
By a minion of Eden, F. O. Commissar.

So beaming his smile and so gracious his speech,
Is he plotting an Anglo-American breach?
Does he hope to insert the thin end of the wedge
And sabotage our anti-Communist pledge?
For many remark "He's too charming by far,
This envoy of Stalin, the Soviet Red Tsar."

SAGITTARIUS

Regina v. Straffen

On July 25, John Thomas Straffen, aged 22, was found guilty at Winchester Assizes of the murder of Linda Bowyer, a little girl of five, and was sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Cassels. Straffen had most unfortunately escaped on April 29 from Broadmoor Institution, and been at liberty for four hours before his recapture. Linda Bowyer lived at Farley Hill about six miles from Broadmoor and was found strangled in a copse near her home in the early hours of April 30. While he had been at large, Straffen had been seen within 150 yards of where her body was subsequently found. The police went quickly to Broadmoor and asked Straffen (without mentioning that Linda Bowyer had just been found dead) what mischief he had been up to during his escape: he replied, "I didn't kill her."

This uncalled-for denial of Straffen's sounded sinister enough. But when the prosecution, after long legal argument, was allowed to tell the Court the reason why Straffen was being confined in Broadmoor, the plea of "Not Guilty" entered by the defence appeared almost incredible. In July and August last year, Straffen had strangled two other little girls at Bath in exactly the same way as Linda Bowyer had been strangled. Last October he had appeared before Mr. Justice Oliver at Taunton Assizes charged with their murder, been found "Unfit to Plead" by a jury, and been despatched in consequence to Broadmoor for "safe custody"—ironical words, as matters had turned out. It would have been, as the Solicitor-General said for the Crown, the most extraordinary coincidence if two stranglers like Straffen had been abroad in Farley Hill that particular evening.

The second line taken by Mr. Elam, Q.C., in Straffen's defence was that, even if he did kill Linda Bowyer, he was entitled to the special verdict, commonly known as "Guilty but Insane." This brought up the definition of legal insanity laid down in the McNaughton Rules. (These antiquated Rules were laid down over 100 years ago by the Bench of Judges, when asked by the House of Lords to define the degree of insanity necessary to make a person not responsible in law for a crime.) Six doctors were called to the witness-box to testify as to Straffen's mental condition—three for the defence and three, in rebuttal, for the prosecution. None of these doctors was prepared to say that Straffen was insane in the medical sense, that is, suffering from a psychosis. The crucial McNaughton question is: "Was the accused labouring under such a defect of reason from disease of the mind as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing, or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong?" The precise significance in law of this wording has been elucidated by decisions in the Court of Criminal Appeal. The defect of reason must spring from disease of the mind.

Now Straffen may have suffered from an attack of encephalitis before the age of six when out in India; at any rate his electro-encephalograms (of which he had had three taken within the last year) revealed an abnormal pattern which had been interpreted as indicating severe and widespread damage to the cells in the area of the brain which controls the higher mental processes. But the encephalitis was no longer active; and it was a moot point whether Straffen was at the moment labouring under a disease of the mind or the after effects of such a disease. As to "the nature and quality of the act," these words have been interpreted by the Courts to mean: Did the accused know what he was actually doing? None of the six doctors could deny that Straffen knew that he was throttling little girls, when he was doing so. Did he know he was doing what was wrong? "Wrong" has been defined by the Court of Criminal Appeal as equivalent to "punishable by law." The six doctors stated that Straffen knew that throttling little girls was punishable by law. In the light of the medical evidence and the legal interpretation of the McNaughton Rules the jury refused to bring in a special verdict of "Guilty But Insane," and found Straffen plain Guilty—"rightly," the Judge said.

How was it possible for a man, found "Unfit to Plead" last October, to become sane enough nine months later to stand trial and be condemned to death? That could not be attributed to a medical mistake in the original diagnosis. The very doctor who testified to Straffen's unfitness at Taunton gave evidence at Winchester that he had become fit to plead in the interval. The explanation lies elsewhere. Straffen is a mental defective, who was twice certified as such before he reached the age of eighteen or indeed had strangled any little girls. Mental defect is incurable in the present state of medical science, but defectives can still learn a thing or two by experience. At Taunton, Straffen was so half-witted about the law that he did not know how to plead to his indictment, how to challenge a juror or how to instruct counsel in his defence. Mr. Justice Oliver is reported as saying to the jury there: "You might as well try a babe in arms." By the time he came up for trial at Winchester he had spent six months at Broadmoor. The inmates of Broadmoor are very knowledgeable about the law concerning insanity; and the doctors who examined Straffen recently discovered that he had picked up information on the subject and had learnt—as one of them said—"some of the answers."

Five of the doctors giving evidence classified Straffen as feeble-minded, which is the category of certifiable mental defectives with a mental age between 7 and 10; one doctor put him higher

and assessed his mental age at 12. By the standard intelligence tests, on which mental age is reckoned, he came out at 9½. Some samples of his present intellectual attainments were given in evidence. When asked the meaning of *legal* he had replied "Meaning to help you"; and *illegal* he took to mean "They go against you; they hate you; they hate you so much they would like to kick you." On the other hand, he was said to have tried to play Contract Bridge with other patients in Broadmoor, and could tell the number of suits, the number of cards in a suit, and how many tricks are required to make a contract of Four Hearts. It was also said that he had shown considerable intelligence in planning his escape from Broadmoor. But then again he had shown great eagerness to shine in his intelligence tests in prison, which could hardly help a plea of insanity.

The strangest indication of his state of mind came in reply to a doctor's question as to why he strangled one of the little girls at Bath. "To annoy the police. I hate the police." When the doctor suggested to him that stealing would answer that purpose equally well, he said: "It was easier to kill the little girl." The overt motive seems inadequate and illogical. What was the true reason? One of the remarkable features of Straffen's case is that there was no sexual interference with any of his victims: he strangled them quickly and left them. It may not be without significance that earlier in his career he had confessed to various sexual offences, none of which could be substantiated by the Bath police. In his undeveloped mind the act of strangulation may conceivably have taken the place of sexual gratification.

Mental defect as such does not diminish criminal responsibility in England, though the grossest forms of idiocy and imbecility would probably pass under the McNaughton test as insanity, despite the accepted medical definitions. (In modern medical terms insanity is *dementia*, mental defect is *amentia*, the absence of mind, as opposed to a derangement of it.) In Scotland, where the law has evolved differently to that in England, allowance can be made for the feeble-minded; and in a case like that of Straffen a Scottish jury could bring in a verdict of "culpable homicide with diminished responsibility." For over 20 years the British Medical Association has been asking for the English law to be amended in some way to admit a plea of mental defect, but hitherto in vain. The criterion of legal insanity, dating from 1843, when medical science did not differentiate between mental defect and psychosis, has yet to be modified.

What is to become of Straffen? The defence is taking his case to the Appeal Court; if it is successful there, he will automatically return to Broadmoor, whence he will most certainly never again escape; if it fails the Home Secretary can exercise the Royal Prerogative, as is commonly done in cases where a murderer is grossly abnormal and yet not certifiably insane. In that case he may be sent for confinement to Rampton, a special institution for the close custody of criminal mental defectives, where he should be as secure as man can make him; for there is not the slightest doubt that he is a social menace. Some people would like him to be hanged—not as a deterrent, for where is there another Straffen?—but on the grounds that he is a subhuman monster and that his continued existence will be a burden to society. There is plausible logic in the argument, yet it has a familiar ring to it. Once you embark on exterminating human vermin, where do you stop? Who will be next on the gas-chamber list? In Nazi Germany the feeble-minded and incurably insane were soon followed by the Jews. It is difficult to believe that anyone who watched, as I did, that half-witted creature, sitting like a graven image for five days in the dock at Winchester, could advocate the judicial execution of a nine-and-a-half-year-old child—a monstrous child—but deformed through no fault of his own.

Winchester, July. RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Moonbeam Chasers

THE first English invasion of Ireland lasted seven hundred years; the second has collapsed after seven years, and the invaders are in retreat. The two invasions differed considerably also in their objects. That of the first, according to the English history books, was solely for the good of the Irish. Its purpose was the altruistic one of protecting them from themselves. The object of the second, or at least its immediate object, was quite frankly selfish. It was for the good of the invaders and was to protect them from their own.

Immediately after the second World War the scouting parties arrived. They found a land where Time, that in recent years seemed to have gone mad, here seemed to have stood still. Butchers' shops, as was their right function, burgeoned with beef. Whisky was sold over the bar counters at a modest price. Nylons were actually offered openly for legitimate sale. Income tax was almost tolerable. Tempers were unfrayed by the strain of war. Manners and modes were easy and gracious still. It was the long-courted dream of "the return to normal" in actuality. So, when war yielded to the rigours of austerity, it was remembered that there was corn in Egypt, only sixty miles away. Gordian knots were cut, boats were burned, roots were severed and furniture packed. The trek West limbered up. But on the banner of the vanguard was not, this time, inscribed "Go West, young man!" Though Ireland might have beef and butter it had no form of employment for unprovided youth. The personnel of the trek, therefore, was confined to the captains and colonels and knights-at-arms, with pensions, assured incomes and comfort-hungry wives. The road to Ireland, like another famous road, was a golden road.

Not least amongst the stimulating desires of the invaders was that for the comforts and privacy of a home, such as had been in the long ago, before the dawn of the millennium. The only houses, however, which were available were the rambling rook-ridden country houses, built by the rearguard of the last invaders and empty since their departure. These the natives, being a hard-headed people, did not want for their own use. They were willing, however, to sell them to anyone, with the whimsical desire for them, at a fancy price. The houses were antiques, in sorry repair and isolated so deeply in the countryside that a car was an absolute necessity. What they may have lacked in other desirable amenities they made up for, abundantly, in privacy.

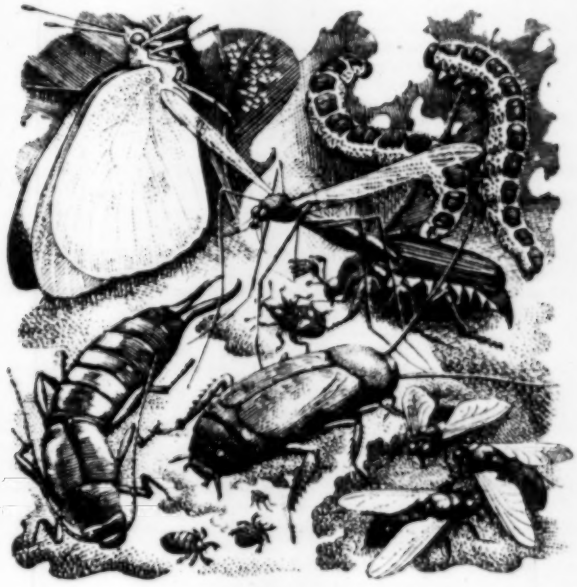
After one last glance over-shoulder at the beefless Welfare State, the invaders paid the price, together with the heavy non-national stamp duty, and settled in. The very necessary rebuilding and reconstruction were tackled: electric light generators were installed, bathrooms with constant hot-water supplies were engineered, kitchens were remodelled, trees were planted, fences erected and walls remade. Out of the surrounding wilderness, where for many years cattle had grazed, trim lawns and neat flower beds were fashioned. The places began, at last, to take on a semblance of homes.

The novelty of beef and butter, unrationed petrol and plentiful supplies of drink wore off. The picturesqueness of the scenery and the quaint Irishness of the natives round about became accepted as almost everyday. The dream of "back to normal" was within the invaders' grasp. One might have expected them to sit back at their ease and clench it tightly. But, though their arteries might be hardening, the blood which flowed through them had been responsible for the creation of the industrial revolution, of a vast colonial empire and a philosophy in which industry was deified and idleness was an unknown art. Renewed now, and refreshed and removed from the debilitating effects of mass welfare, vigour returned, ravenous for wider fields of activity. They had to do something.

There was hunting and shooting and fishing, of course; but in most cases, the invaders' days for such strenuous pursuits were far behind them. Social life, at least in the generally accepted meaning of the word, just did not seem to exist at all. In some strange way the natives seemed to have got along without it. Here, at least, there was something to do. But the most valiant efforts to organise any form of social life failed, almost as though the very atmosphere of the island resisted it. The towns were too distant. The Irish casual attitude towards Time made all arrangements futile. Then, the invaders were either Protestants, in a land where Protestants are scattered twenty miles apart, or, if they happened to be Catholics, they had an earnest exuberant attitude towards their religion which appeared to separate them more from their native co-religionists than the physical distance separating Protestants. Still, they had to do something. . . . The blood of generations was insistent. Some turned to farming or poultry raising by the most modern, scientific methods. Others to market gardening, flower growing, or arts and crafts.

These various activities provided local interest and entertainment, but in no way affected local modes. In spite of all the solid, logical, practical reasons in favour of modernity, in the long run the local traditional methods of working, and particularly selling, proved more successful. The seakale and asparagus came up against the blank wall of lack of demand. The arts and crafts were engulfed in apathy. The natives, as tactfully and tacitly as they had done for seven hundred years, showed that they would not be done good to. They were sceptical, both in thought and deed, of welfare. They persisted in their unexciting diet and their hobbyless leisure.

Some of the more active, and less wealthy, of the invaders, started, right from the beginning, in the more practical solution of the problem by combining home with industry in the forms of hotels and licensed houses. These they rebuilt and refurbished to their own ideals and notions. They closed down, for instance, the dance hall which adjoined the premises, and turned it into a garage for the clients of the future. They planned and organised and refurnished and redecorated. The natives, as spectators, were interestedly amused by all the goings on. But when at last, the doors were opened they, the backbone of custom, were neither amused nor interested. They appreciated neither the chromium plate nor the art furniture. More particularly they failed to appreciate the substitution of cocktails for beady, bubbly pints in thick glasses. Most particularly and emphatically of all they did not appreciate the strict observance and veneration of the licensing laws. For, after all, these they had made themselves and they were at least entitled to the pleasure of breaking them



ARSENIC

ARSENIC is a steel-grey, brittle, crystalline substance that is sometimes found free in nature. It also exists combined with sulphur or oxygen as an impurity in the ores of lead, copper or gold, and is produced commercially as a by-product of winning these metals. By far the largest producer is a mine at Boliden in the North of Sweden, but arsenic is also recovered during mining operations in Australia, Brazil, Canada and the United States. Arsenic may suggest weedkillers—or even "Old Lace"—but, though a large amount of the world's output is used for killing weeds and insects, it is also employed in many other ways. It is used, for example, in glass making, and by the textile industries in connection with dyeing and calico printing. Arsenic is also an ingredient of some sheep dips, wood preservatives and medicinal preparations. I.C.I. uses arsenic for hardening the lead shot that is loaded into sporting ammunition, and for making wrought copper alloys of which I.C.I. is one of the Empire's largest producers.

ICI

when they felt so disposed. The holiday crowds too had the odd notion that, being on holiday, they were the masters of time and if they felt disposed for a sing-song till four in the morning they were not going to be shooed off to bed at twelve at a strange hotel-proprietor's behest. A man, with a drop taken, regarded himself, not as a pariah or untouchable, but simply as a fallible human being. His neighbour, mindful of his own humanity, shared in this view. So the locals and the holiday crowds moved down the road to Sean's or Pat's or Mrs. Mac's where matters were less well regulated. Though all the effort may have been for their welfare, they too were as antipathetic to welfare as their ancestors. . . .

Time hung heavily on Sir George's hands. Farming, he found, even with the most modern equipment, broke down when you could not organise the minimum labour necessary. His wife lost heart with the lack of appreciation of her asparagus and azaleas. There wasn't much more you could do with the house to fill up time. There wasn't much to do at all, when you came to consider it, but drive into the nearest town for the two-days-old *Financial Times* and *Telegraph*, or drive the cook and maid into Mass on those holy days, and sit and wait for them.

He didn't seem to be able to get his teeth into the life about him. Yet he could not, in all justice, say that the natives were unfriendly. In fact, they appeared rather to go out of their way to be helpful and friendly. In the hotel, for instance, the proprietor went to considerable trouble to get in a few bottles of Scotch for him. The men at the bar always had a smile and a word about the weather for him. They were polite enough never to speak Erse while he was present. Yet, though they spoke the same language, he sometimes wondered if their evaluations and thoughts were alien.

One night, as he lay awake turning over the growing problem in his mind, he heard, floating through the early morning air, from Sean's kitchen, the refrain of a popular song of the time.

> They come . . . and try to teach us their way,
> And blame us just for being what we are.
> They might as well go try to catch a moonbeam
> Or light a penny candle from a star.

Sir George slipped into the house agents. A few days later the new hotel proprietor called on the auctioneer. The wise amongst the invaders cut their losses in money and time and dreams, in order to reknit the roots which they had severed, in a fit of passing exasperation, while there was still life in them. Those who lingered on, too old and hardened for assimilation, took on the form of curious starved ghosts, earnestly engaged in the futile activity of chasing moonbeams, wasting that time, which they valued so highly, in vain efforts to light candles from stars. For, in the end, living roots, in no matter how arid a soil, give more vital nourishment than red meat in a land where you have no roots. Man does not live by either bread or beef alone. If you live by and through the beliefs that man is made for the law; that life is earnest; that procrastination is the thief of time; that facts are more important than fancies; reason than imagination and action than talk—then the Welfare State is a more natural and congenial soil.

The previous invaders, consciously or unconsciously, were wiser in all this. They did not sever their roots. They maintained their communications and supply lines to their natural base. It is an axiom of all invading armies that you must be nourished from your base until you are in a position to live off the land which you have occupied. And the only way in which this alternative has ever been achieved is the paradoxical way of being assimilated by that land. ERIC CROSS

Sailors

"We spoke about the sea."

"Ah! About the sea"—

"About storms and calm. Of dark nights at sea. And of the sea in the glittering sunshiny days we spoke also. But we spoke most of all of the whales, and the dolphins, and the seals who lie there on the rocks in the mid-day sun. And then we spoke of the gulls, and the eagles, and all the other sea birds. I think—isn't it wonderful?—when we talked of such things it seemed to me as if both the sea beasts and the sea birds were one with him."

IBSEN's Ellida Wangel was speaking as a landsman, for whom the sailor has always been a powerful symbol of otherness, mystery and incalculability, those ancient attributes of the sea itself. But the sailor is a powerful symbol only so long as he is seen from the shore. When, years ago, I sailed as a solitary passenger on an American freighter plying between New York and Le Havre I found the sailors I lived with for that fortnight like nothing so much, if such prodigies may be imagined, as the crew of a provincial tramcar whose whole existence was spent on its tram save for occasional furtive and frightened dashes fifty yards into the terrifying interiors beyond the termini. If the sea beasts and sea birds were one with them, equally they were one with the sea beasts and sea birds, as much out of place on land, and as timorous of it, as they. All of them, officers and seamen alike, talked as though they dreamt of retiring to farms as remote from the sea as possible, in Ontario or Wisconsin or Nebraska. This, I am convinced, was mere bravado. Like aquatic animals, not only did they not feel safe on land, they found it positively dangerous. Land for them, any land, was like the *terra incognita* of the old geographers, blank with menace: there were wonders there, but they had better not be too closely inspected for they were bound to be snares for simple sailormen.

And this was literally true. There was the steward, a Dane, in whose galley I drank strong, scalding, almost insufferably sweet tea at all hours of the day and night. No, he said, he wouldn't be going ashore at Le Havre. He preferred not to: no good ever came of it. You had the impression he'd been ashore and learnt at first-hand of the horrible goings-on there. And it was so: he had been ashore, and unfortunately more than once, though it was in another country and the wench was not dead.

Did I know South Shields? he asked me. "I gotta daughter at South Shields," he said with amazement. "She'll be eighteen now. It's not as if she's ever seen me," he added. He thought about this daughter a lot, with a dumb wonder, as he brewed tea in his galley. He often felt he'd like to go ashore just to seek her out; not to speak to her or divulge his relation to her, but just to see what she was like. But he didn't dare, he knew what would happen as soon as he set foot on English soil: it had happened once and he wasn't going to let it happen again. During the first world war he'd had a spell as a hand on a coaster running from Shields to Grimsby. At Shields there'd been a girl who worked in a pub. He didn't like her mother and thought he'd better transfer to a foreign ship; bedamned if the first time his ship put in at Hull there weren't the police waiting at the dock to serve an affiliation order on him. In the police court they'd laughed at his funny English—"I didn't talk it so hot in them days," he said. Oh, they made him pay something; and after that he'd thought it best to steer clear of England, a country whose shores were lined with policemen waiting to cop him for eighteen years of arrears in maintenance.

"All sorts of silly tricks you get up to on land," he said indignantly. "Look at the Old Man." The illustration had its force. The Old Man, a Finn younger than most of his officers, had committed the folly of reading a book when on shore in New York, a book on dieting. The first day out he sat himself down as usual at breakfast at the head of the table and then, waving aside cereals, waffles and syrup, ham and eggs and coffee, called for a simple glass of orange juice. "You sick'nin' for sumtin', or sumtin', Skipper?" asked Second. The Old Man smiled a smile of innocent superiority. With the fervour and simple faith of a convert he expounded to us the principles and virtues of dieting. He was rapt in his enthusiasm. "But what's the good of it?" First wanted to know. It was good for the health and good for its own sake: the Old Man propounded a Way of Life. We were aghast at such crass stupidity. "But if you wanna diet," cried the Second Officer disgustedly, "for Chris' sake why don't you do it ashore? That way you'd save money at any rate. At sea, chow's part of wages, Skipper!" It was irrefutable; but the Old Man couldn't see it. We drew up a sweepstake on when he'd break down; but he didn't. Whenever he was at table we found ourselves talking of food, swapping stories of marvellous meals we'd eaten; it made no difference: he just sat there, presiding over our fleshly indulgence, a smiling, tolerant, blond, Scandinavian Buddha toying with a glass of orange juice.

"That dieting or what-you-call-um: that's a damfool trick," the steward went on. He proved right too. For, eleven days out, the Old Man's imperturbability cracked. All movement of the bowels had ceased. Such a thing had never happened to him in his life before. He knew it couldn't be right and that therefore he must be a sick man. Immediately he began to look like a sick man. Each of us in turn he drew aside and button-holed for advice. It wasn't natural, he cried: hadn't he better take Epsom salts? Our attempts at dissuasion were vain: he took them; and then truly he was a sick man, and by the time we reached Le Havre had been in his bunk for three days.

My closest friend on this ship, the Chief Engineer, a tall, middle-aged, cadaverous, silent man, completely ignored this dam-foolery. Invariably he spoke once and once only at meal times, and always in the same words: a simple sentence of ferocious, unrepeatable obscenity uttered in most mournful tones. It didn't mean anything; it was quite irrelevant to his mode of life and behaviour. He was a man quietly gripped in an over-mastering but innocent passion. The third night out he invited me to drink beer with him in his cabin. I found myself in a completely and professionally equipped photographer's dark room. He was proud of it in a lugubrious way: it hadn't really turned out as he'd hoped. It had begun with his seeing a photograph in the *Christian Science Monitor* of a three-masted barque on fire. "They pay dollars for pictures like that," he told me; and it had struck him there and then what a fool he'd feel if ever he saw a fire at sea and hadn't a camera to record it with and so get some of those dollars from the *Christian Science Monitor*. "So I got me a camera," he said. Unfortunately, he'd not seen a fire at sea, or anything else a newspaper was willing to pay dollars for: but, as he said, "It takes your mind off things." He subscribed to all the photographic magazines and once, he told me, he'd been much struck by an article in one of them on what he called "art photography." His interest, he stressed, was wholly artistic, and he thought he'd like to try something of the sort himself, but where was he to find a model? He

Schweppshire Post, 1952

Post's' Peephole on Schweppshire in Shirtsleeves

Happy Holidays are Here!

HOPS DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING

CROWD WASHED OUT

By Freak Storm

SEA SCOUTS MAROONED IN COVE

Crops are now past salvation in many parts of Schweppshire. The holiday sporting programme has been ruined and the roads were crowded yesterday with disappointed holiday-makers trooping back from flooded coastal resorts and bathing beaches where giant waves have wrecked bathing huts and spread an amazing melée of condemned slot machines, deck quoits, old second-hand bathing towels and retired naval men five hundred yards inland.

Setting Lotion in Cream Buns

RESORTS WARNED

Many little ones were taken to hospital after the Orphans' Outing last Wednesday. Each had eaten only fifteen of these confections when the leader of the troop complained that she was unable to remove her Brownie sombrero.

GRISLY FIND

IN FESTIVAL "WELL OF TRUTH"

Human Jawbone lodged in Wall

Foul Play Suspected

Amateur detectives were wondering whether there was any connection between this incident and the finding of an unidentified gold tooth in a margarine tin in Schwepton Mallet Reservoir.

Bungalow Blaze

NEXT TO PETROL STORE

Dissatisfied bathing-machine attendants have put the charming little coves of East Schweppshire under a reign of terror during the past fortnight. Peaceful holiday-makers have been premeditatedly attacked with knotted bathing costumes or pelted with old cuttlefish by inflamed malcontents.

Quadruple Crash

HOLIDAY CHARABANC BUCKLED

Boy Buried Head Down in Sand Castle—Will Survive

Four hours' artificial respiration were administered to Tony Rassl, recently cut out of wealthy uncle's will. Ading Rassl had earlier been shaken when with thirteen other little ones he narrowly escaped cliff fall on Lido of Schweppington-Schwuper-Mare.

INSPECTOR STRAIGHTLEFT No. 483

MORRIS DANCING round Schweppherd's Bush

In Midsummer Months the Holland House (Acton) Society moves from leafy Lime Grove for the green oasis in whose greater spaciousness the difficult 5/4 and complex 10/8th rhythms are interestingly attempted (G. Schwart, F.R.Z.S. inscribes)

don't let { Chilled Feet, Hangover, Sting-ray blisters, 'Purple-patch', Sunburn, Heat Palsy }

take the edge off your Holiday

smile with PP Antischwepptic

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Leslie Hine

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

confided his difficulty to the radio operator, a man known for his resource. Nothing could be easier, he was assured; only wait till they next put in at Le Havre. Sparks knew the Madame of a brothel. Sparks went ashore in advance and arranged everything. The Chief followed with his equipment. But either Sparks had misunderstood or the Madame had. The Chief was disgusted; but "I suppose the mistake was natural," he said, "under the circumstances." At any rate, protected by his hobby, the Chief could go ashore without danger; and for him his voyages backwards and forwards across the Atlantic had become only so many interregna to be lived through until he was at Le Havre again; he kept a bicycle there in order to join in the expeditions of the local photographic society.

The bosun had no such lifeline to security on land. He had been crossing the Atlantic all the year round for twenty years. He told me of his one visit to England, admitting that no such crazy notion would ever have entered his head if it hadn't been for his wife, who had made the trip to Le Havre with him one passage. He only agreed to go, knowing that no good could possible come of it, out of indulgence of her woman's curiosity. They booked places on a day excursion from Calais to Canterbury. It was a special boat to Dover, and they were made to feel very uncomfortable because the Frogs who made up the party, and whose language they didn't speak, plainly thought they had no right to be there. At Dover, they found out his wife's passport wasn't visa'd for England, but since the bosun had his seaman's papers, the immigration officials allowed them both to enter. Then they had more trouble with the Frogs because the discussion with the immigration officials had delayed the motor coaches. Surrounded by jabbering Frogs, they reached Canterbury; and what the bosun and his wife needed more than anything else in the world then was a drink. They set out to find one while the French tourists looked round the Cathedral. But "the Limeys don't have proper joints like us; they got places they call pubs, and we didn't know which door to go in. These pubs got doors called public bar, private bar, saloon, smoke room, lounge and Chris' knows what else, and how was I to know which you could take a dame into?" "Why didn't you ask someone?" I wanted to know. He was very indignant at this: "Think I'm showing my ignorance to any Goddam Limey?" he said, and was silent for a few moments. And then: "It wouldn't have been any good anyway. I got the lowdown back at the ship, see? Seems the Limeys got a kind of prohibition in the afternoons."

WALTER ALLEN

Punch Over Hampstead

SUNDAY, and the little green and red buses snail up the hill; suburban rows fall away, walls grow older and higher, trees overhang, and there we are. Where? At the seaside, it would seem, as along a promenade, in deck-chairs, holiday-makers affront the weather. Children clutch a hand and a toy or a choc-ice. Sorrowfully, round a bend, walk four donkeys. There are Punch and Judy, the sparkle of water. Not the sea, as it happens, but the Whitestone Pond; about this headland, in a glittering haze, laps London; we are at the high point of Hampstead Heath.

While the intent small boy, our excuse for being here, watches Punch and Judy, we keep his place in the queue for a donkey. The sun plays peep-bo. A red jet-plane snarls circling on the hillside below. Where, I wonder, is that old mariner whose telescope, at tuppence a time, would envisage the tip of Southend Pier? Do carts still drive into the pond through the gangway at the end? The donkeys return and go away loaded, the queue moves up, and at last comes the donkey that's ours. I happen to know her name, Carol; she once looked in, on the way to some R.S.P.C.A. outing, to crop my lawn. We had some difficulty, I remember, in getting her out. Carol moves away, with our young friend up, and now it's *my* turn for Punch and Judy.

What a squawk! What trouncings and fellings! For a moment I wonder whether it isn't Sir Oswald Mosley (whose favourite corner this was) returned to bash us. But the melodrama is more heartfelt, and violence confined to the stage. An audience of children, squatting in front, on tiptoe, astride shoulders or goggling under elbows, follow every caper and squeak and rap with delight. This is the life! Punch wields a frying pan, Toby bites Punch, Punch retaliates, Punch hops and sings, Punch dies. What's this, exclaims the Doctor, how long have you been dead? Quarter of an hour, squeaks Punch. Bad, says the Doctor, I must listen to your heart; and soon he and Punch are having a fine set-to. Punch knocks the consultant dead. The Beadle (I think it must be he) appears: him also Punch kills. Then comes the Policeman, with an air of astonishment, looking everywhere for Punch except where Punch is, and demanding of the audience whether he, and no one else, isn't the murderer? Yes, yells one-half—mostly girls; No, the other, mostly boys. The same fate strikes down the Policeman as the others. Now there are three corpses, slumped over the narrow frame of that stage which is all trap-door, and our old bludgeoner is in his heyday, dancing and carolling, when a very white, elusive Clown wafts in. But at this moment—the donkeys having accomplished their round—I have to break off.

All I have missed—the Baby thrown out of the window and Judy slain and Jack Ketch hanged in his own noose and the death of the Devil—I hope and don't doubt still obtains. Some of the actions and properties may have grown vestigial—a frying pan, though where the landlord's sausages?—but the old Wickedness is at the heart of things, as once in Eden (imagine that!) and dancing aboard the Ark with a "Hazy weather, Mr. Noah!" Nelson has tried to enlist him; he has whispered with Guy Fawkes, floored Springheel Jack. What new encounters and triumphs? Hitler, certainly, seems due, with paint to splash and a carpet to bite, and why not the Abominable Snowman? If, that's to say, to-day's Punch and Judy exists as more than a survival. He has roots denied to our mushroom legends of Tarzan and Mickey Mouse; but that may not be enough. From my tantalising glimpse, I cannot be sure.

Pan pipes have gone, Scaramouch and Nobody have gone, the Crocodile and even (I believe) the Coffin have gone; can Punch remain? Curiously enough he still reveals a pristine energy on the cover of *Punch*: that magazine which has stolen his name but so little of himself. There—for every archdeacon and schoolgirl and Conservative candidate's wife to gaze upon—astride an ass, with a damsel in tow, he splendidly holds (you might say) his own. This great indelicacy, which we owe to Dicky Doyle, so startled the editors of the *New Yorker* that when they brought off their famous parody of *Punch*, the cover incident quite flummoxed them: putting him in, they left *it* out. A few more such thwacking blows as Doyle's in the Saturnalian cause, and we might still prevent Punch's becoming a dummy in a museum of Great Legends.

My serious little friend, aged three, from his father's shoulder had apparently followed the antics of Punch very seriously indeed. He hadn't once laughed, hadn't shouted, hadn't sung, hadn't in any way joined in, though with eyes for everything; so that it was feared he might be too young, as we were (outwardly at least) too old, for Punch. A second visit, then, being ruled out, we leave the puppets for the pond, criss-crossed by yachts, speedboats, battle cruisers, a stately two-master and a no less picturesque, if more hardgoing, tanker. He is allowed to paddle. He rushes in, he tries to catch a boat; and it's all his mother can do, without falling in herself, to catch him. Whether this is the influence of Punch, I don't know. As his socks are being put on he cries for a moment, but already the memory is fading, and downhill we wend along a walk lined with a display of paintings and—sometimes preferably—the painters themselves.

At home I turn up a passage in Mayhew. Here he is, the Punch-man of that date (about 1860) in person:

> "Punch, you know, sir, is a dramatic performance in two hacts. It's a play, you may say. I don't think it can be called a tragedy hexactly; a drama is what we names it. There is tragic parts, and comic and sentimental parts, too. Some families where I performs will have it most sentimental—in the original style; them families is generally sentimental theirselves. Others is all for the comic, and then I has to kick up all the games I can. To the sentimental folk I am obliged to perfirm werry steady and werry slow, and leave out all comic words and business. They won't have no ghost, no coffin, and no devil; and that's what I call spilin the performance hentirely. It's the march of hintellect what's a doing all this—it is, sir."

And looking round a world in which we over-refine with one hand and stab to the heart with the other, may we not dread lest, not only Punch, but everything else too, should go down before our "march of hintellect"?

G. W. STONIER

The Arts and Entertainment

LA GLAWR

"GLAWR," the poet Nick Greene told Orlando, "is the spirit of noble minds. Had I a pension of three hundred pounds a year paid quarterly, I would live for Glawr alone." To visit the new Wellington Museum is to immerse oneself in Glawr for a whole rampageous afternoon. True, there are certain thin-blooded connoisseurs who go to see the pictures. Such visitors can be glimpsed in the Piccadilly Drawing Room, peering shortsightedly at Ribera's *La Carcasse* or sitting out the odd ten minutes in the Waterloo Gallery in front of Murillo's *St. Francis of Assissi Receiving the Stigmata*. But for us, the devotees of Glawr, æsthetics are out of place at Apsley House. We have come solely to see the spoils of war, the heaped offerings of the Grand Alliance. And we are not disappointed. From this 1,650-item collection of "pictures, plate, porcelain, batons, orders, and decorations, furniture and personal relics," the essence of the Iron Myth is distilled.

From the moment we enter the cool entrance hall and catch sight of the magnificent Chinese velvet hangings rifled from Tippoo's tent after Seringapatam (and now—how incongruously!—owned by the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Stephen's, Westminster), we sniff an air that is thick with the smell of loot and tribute. Next door, in the Muniment Room, it bursts upon us with full force. The Duke, Greville wrote, "was utterly devoid of selfish and personal ambition, and there was never a man whose greatness was so *thrust* upon him." The Garter, the St. Esprit,

the Golden Fleece, the Chancellorship of Oxford University, the Governorship of Plymouth, the Colonelcy of the Grenadier Guards, a Spanish grandeeship, a Netherlands princedom, a snuff-box and a Field-Marshal's baton from almost every crowned head in Europe—there was little in the way of honours and decorations that he didn't manage to pick up during his great career.

Pomp and circumstance could go no farther. Much of its tangible proof is here behind glass. The diamond-set Badge of the Garter, the silver gilt shield and massive gold candelabra presented by the City of London, the key of Cuidad Rodrigo, the faded white and red ribbon of the Order of Maria Theresa, and the fierce blue enamel of the Prussian Black Eagle—all bespeak the gratitude of Boney's victims, the relief of the principalities and powers who "crept out again to feel the sun" after Waterloo. The most handsome gift of all was the King of Prussia's 200-piece service of Berlin porcelain with its central green obelisk and painted views of places connected with the Duke's career—Eton, Assaye, Talavera, Mont St. Jean. Though they are almost smothered by later magnificence, the domestic weapons of war are also at hand. There is the tea-pot Sir Arthur used in the Peninsula, the "mule-desk" on which he wrote his despatches. There are Doric field messages dashed off in pencil at Waterloo—"We ought to have more of the cavalry between the two high-roads," or "Take care no men are lost by the falling-in of the roof or floors"—and there is the Duke's dressing-case with a faded pill prescription (rhubarb, calomel, two parts of Dr. James's Powder) proudly transcribed by some Mayfair apothecary.

Upstairs, in the Piccadilly Drawing Room, there is more porcelain; this time it is Sèvres, from the beholden Bourbons. In the great Waterloo Gallery, scene of the famous banquets, there is a sumptuous service of plate, the gift of a grateful Prince Regent of Portugal, flanked by two vast candelabra of Siberian porphry, presented by the Tsar. Round the walls are the pictures captured in Joseph Bonaparte's baggage-train after Vittoria. They include three Velasquez and a Rubens, and there is the Duke's own equestrian portrait painted by Goya. It is an oddly proportioned horse and its rider looks like any swarthy Galician *hidalgo*. The Yellow and Striped Drawing Rooms contain more plate (Meissen, a present from the King of Saxony) and Canova's bust of Sappho. The last-named is a mild undithyrambic lady with a Directoire *coiffure*. Mr. Spencer Perceval stares at us from a console table, doing his best to pretend Nollekens had not borrowed his expression from Houdin's Voltaire. In the Dining Room (where the Hapsburgs have provided the table service) Wilkie's portrait of the Prince Regent hangs over the fire-place. Gorgeous and glossy in his tartans, Prinny has not yet let loose his stays. He is Waverley personified, as modishly of his period as any of Mr. Cecil Beaton's great ladies.

Below, in the staircase vestibule, stands Canova's colossal nude Napoleon, holding in his right hand a small winged Victory. She has her back turned to the Emperor and seems to be taking leave of him. No wonder Bonaparte hated the figure and stowed it out of sight in the Louvre. In 1816 the British Government bought it "for less than £3,000," and the Prince Regent bestowed it on the Duke. The *Quarterly Review* commented that:

> Canova, on learning the final destination of his work, wrote immediately . . . minutely detailing how the statue was to be put up, referring to a mark still to be found on the pedestal, which a plumb-line suspended from the right breast would touch, and the direction has been recently followed.

The exhibition has been admirably arranged and deftly catalogued. The guide-book is a masterpiece of compression and it tells the casual tourist almost everything he or she will want to know if they are to enjoy the Museum. (But why, in the Short Bibliography, is there no mention of Stanhope's *Recollections*?) Yet, as we go down the steps and out into the Piccadilly sunshine, we have a feeling of having been cheated. We have received no emanation from the Duke himself. The *genius loci* has been crushed under the load of gilt and jewels and pictures. The Duke of the Wellington Museum is not the Duke of Tennyson's Ode, the "good gray head that all men knew"; nor is he the amorous old gentleman who seized Miss J.'s hand after she had finished reading him the Third Chapter of St. John, and cried: "*Oh*, I do *love* you!" Despite the teapot and the mule-desk, this exhibition illustrates the Duke apotheosized, the Duke as Myth and Glawr. And Glawr, as Orlando reflected after Nick Greene had left him, is as curbing as a silver jacket.

JOHN RAYMOND

AN OPERA FOR BROADCASTING

FRANZ REIZENSTEIN, whose radio opera *Anna Kraus* was given its first performance on July 25, is a well equipped composer, with a technique that seems at present almost too weighty for his rather slender fund of melodic ideas. In his new cantata, *Voices of Night*, broadcast some weeks ago, the composer showed an evident desire to mitigate his hitherto strenuously Hindemithian style with English elements derived from the modal school and from the elusive idiom of Benjamin Britten. The result, if only partially successful, had some arrestingly beautiful moments, notably the baritone solo, "I arise from dreams of thee," in which the vocal part was more grateful than elsewhere. *Anna Kraus* pursues the same line of development. The libretto, by Christopher Hassall (who also compiled and wrote some of the poems in *Voices of Night*), is continuously dramatic and marred only by a crucial, but most implausible, scene in which the Polish refugee hero, egged on by the jealous village organist, tries to impress a foolish spinster by pretending to have helped the Germans to brutalise his fellow prisoners in a concentration camp during the war. As a means of unloosing the tragic *dénouement* the scene is ingenious, but does not carry conviction.

Otherwise, the little work proved a spirited and in many ways successful essay in a form the unique possibilities of which have not yet been at all fully explored. The composer's debts to *Albert Herring* and *Wozzeck* are obvious: these models were well chosen for the purpose; but Mr. Reizenstein's orchestral writing has not the evocative power of Berg's, nor can his vocal lines pretend to the lyrical expressiveness of Britten's. These defects might be less destructive to a more extended work, in which the characterisation would not need to be so concentrated; but in *Anna Kraus* the action is crowded into the space of one hour, the scenes are consequently very brief, the voice parts are consistently declamatory, and the musical description of the characters and their ambience is all but entirely confined to the orchestra, which is kept mostly in the background, with the laudable intention of allowing the words to be clearly heard—as in fact they were.

These comments really add up to a single criticism: the opera is too short, both for its subject and for the complicated musical idiom in which it is couched. One, or even two, orchestral interludes, and a good deal more genuine lyrical expansion, would have helped us to grasp the characters, and thus have lessened the total effect of artificiality. As it was, until the very effective scene where Anna hears the voices of her dead parents, nothing was given room to establish itself. After this, things went better, and in Anna's final monologue the voice, as opposed to the orchestra, at last came into its own, with touching effect.

The work was very competently sung—especially by Victoria Sladen as Anna, and Lloyd Strauss-Smith as Pavel; the orchestral part was safe in the hands of Norman del Mar, and Douglas Cleverdon's smooth and adroit production made the action perfectly clear, though it seemed a mistake to employ "real" sounds (footsteps, water, birds) in a programme of this kind. Alto-

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gether, *Anna Kraus* was an interesting and courageous experiment, which I hope to have a chance of hearing again. It deserves to have successors, which will profit as much from its faults as from its qualities.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

RADIO NOTES

WILKIE COLLINS'S *No Name*, which has a more outspoken theme and a less conventional "respectable" heroine than either Dickens or Trollope would have ventured to own, continues its splendid course as a Sunday night serial; and well it might. Devised, like most Victorian novels, for serial publication, it holds in each instalment a separate climax and suspense; written in what was still an age of conversation and manner, its dialogue would carry along even an indifferent cast, which this production's certainly is not. Last week's episode, for instance, had Alan Wheatley as the hypochondriac Noel Vanstone and Flora Robson as his confederate housekeeper; Isabel Dean is a redoubtable Magdalen Vanstone. Could we fail to recognise any of them, or Captain Wragge and his wife in the streets of Aldeburgh, where they are all, in the present instalment, residing? It is, I suppose, to the author's theatrical preoccupations—another Victorian trait—that we owe the emphatic character drawing that is an important quality of the radio version. The long serial dramatisation to which the Victorian novel so admirably lends itself is indeed a form entirely belonging to radio, and one quite distinct from the stage or radio play. It can even make use of the author's non-conversational prose in the linking narrative. But how few of the long great novels make tolerable straight dramas! They are simply not designed for a ninety-minute condensation. Collins, himself, who always had the stage in mind when writing a story, admitted that he "could never get the dramatic version of *No Name* to come right."

Sunday afternoon's drama, *Lace on Her Petticoat* (by Aimée Stewart), which, from the *Radio Times* announcement, promised to be no more than a gentle nursery playlet, was in fact a charming and original work, with excellent dialogue and a plot both dramatically neat and philosophically interesting. The subject was the difficult one of Class (as it affected, in their friendships, the children of three households of different social levels) and it was shrewdly yet gracefully handled. One skilful device was to echo from adult to child the views of each group on behaviour. The outstanding parts, however, were those of the two little girls, so discerningly written, so freshly performed by Dorothy Smith and Ursula Hirst. Martyn C. Webster was the effective producer.

A natural interest in how other people work impelled me to listen to the half-hour feature about a Free-Lance Journalist in the series called *I Like My Job*. What I heard, however, was no more than an arid list of success anecdotes—not a word about the real mysteries of writing: how it is done at all; when; out of what; and the further mysteries of Money and Time; how the first is gained, the other spent. "Do you know anything about genetics?" said a voice at the end of the telephone to Mr. ——, our hero. "No, not a thing." "Fine: come and talk over a programme with us to-morrow." Now, *where* could this request have come from? But I quote, I hasten to say, from memory.

I have no space to analyse why the Edwardian comedy seems more suited to the air than the Elizabethan; why, in this medium, I enjoyed *The Voysey Inheritance* more than *Twelfth Night*, though both were excellent productions. Nor in what way *Locksley Hall* (read by William Devlin) seemed so dramatically revealing. I must mention, however, the Olympic Games reports, those jolly, unrancorous bulletins which have compensated for much dullish summer listening. Throughout the week, indeed, we have been offered, in short instalments, all the thrills and pangs of a school sports day, without the dark staccato frenzy of the racing commentary or the ironic undertones of the commentary on the international political conference. It is a pity if our man doesn't win, the voice suggests, but not a *desperate* pity; the others did so splendidly. Apart from the French, which have an elegant literary turn, I cannot guess at the flavour of the reports in other countries, especially in those where being an amateur in sport is so much more of a professional business.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"The Sound Barrier," at the Plaza
"Gift Horse," at the Empire

Is it lack of assurance, the domination of bad production, nervousness of the public, poverty of invention, inadaptability, or what, that gives such an up-and-down graph to the careers of our best directors? No successor to *Kind Hearts and Coronets*; Mr. Thorold Dickinson, since *The Queen of Spades*, content with an interesting muddling-through; only Mr. Carol Reed to be relied on for at least a dazzling popular finish. The last two films of Mr. David Lean had made us wonder if he could ever again climb to the level of *Brief Encounter* and *Great Expectations*. I should have betted, not; and how mistaken I should have been! *The Sound Barrier* reinstates him; more, it proves that, given the right subject, he can exercise a passionate skill rare indeed in English film-making. But who could have guessed, looking at his record, that he would find this subject in jet propulsion? What will he go for next? *Our Mutual Friend*? Well, there it is; and *The Sound Barrier* will enthral audiences everywhere as has no English film since *The Third Man*.

It takes a phase of recent flying history—the development of the jet engine—and clothes it with a fiction of test pilots and aeroplane designers out to push experiment to the limit. The fiction, pretty well modelled on reality, is persuasive enough; but what makes the film remarkable is that it communicates the excitement, danger, and necessity of the adventure itself. To begin with, we are taken into the air as never before: even before the titles go up we have known in a couple of minutes the exultation of a fighter pilot, during a lull between battles, enjoying larks above Dover; he loses control, and screams to earth, only managing to pull out just in time. He remembers but cannot explain a sensation as though he had met and forced his way through some solid obstacle. Thus, like a piece of music, the film states its theme. Afterwards we shall find it developed. The experimental jet engine appears, and that rising wind gains a hair-raising fascination, scream pushing up within scream to undreamt-of heights. The obstacle is the piled-up air that obstructs at the speed of sound: to overcome it pilots must lose their lives and designers their sleep. And there *is* a way through, a trick of navigating the rough, discovered by the original pilot found carolling in the blue.

Mr. Lean, that's to say, has not been content merely to document or dramatise his theme: he has seen it as an experience to convey as directly and vividly as possible. Taking off, climbing, serenely buzzing along over the dazzling cloud fields, or seeing the Alps before one reaches Paris, and then the power dive from 40,000 ft, with its rending scream and the dread onset of buffeting: every moment excites, so that we are made to feel a camera has gone up for the first time. The opening sequence is a perfect lyric of the kind which only the cinema can provide; and there are other sequences almost as good—for example, the before-lunch trip to Cairo. We owe the aerial photography to a special unit, directed by Anthony Squire. The story (written by Terence Rattigan), which keeps us looking up most of the time, has been well enacted by Nigel Patrick and John Justin as test pilots, Ann Todd and Dinah Sheridan as wives, and especially Sir Ralph Richardson as a fierce aircraft manufacturer with the *mystique* of an explorer.

Gift Horse takes us among the less dramatic waters of the Senior Service, and for a long time it looks as though nothing, except the unpopular stringency of Capt. Trevor Howard and the cockiness of Richard Attenborough below, will ever happen. The "Gift Horse"—one of fifty old American tin tubs loaned to us—does eventually ram a submarine and attain its hour of triumph at St. Nazaire. But everything here has been subdued to keeping up the traditions of our screen Navy, and filmability as such, hardly comes into it.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

New Indian Ballet, at the Comedy

The Indian dancers shown in London for the past six months or more have been very mediocre; but there has now appeared one who is first class, on a level with Uday Shankar and above Ram Gopal—though without Gopal's beauty, which, at its zenith, almost made up for his limitations as a dancer. Krishna Kutty is trained in the Kathakali style, which comes from South India. His movements are sinuous and rich, even to the tips of his carefully posed fingers; he dances with absolute control and ease, using his body as a kind of kaleidoscope of shifting patterns. In the first part, as a demon king of the Himalayas, he showed his humorous and dramatic powers, dressed in a red bell skirt, with long black hair and a magnificent moustache. This excellent ballet of gods and demons was only marred by a running commentary from the amplifier, which seemed unnecessary as the story was already in the programme. This insistent explanation, which cropped up quite often, fell awkwardly amid the dancers and music: it distracted our attention with an educational earnestness not conducive to enjoyment. Only in the case of "The Art of Kathakali," where Shirin Vajifdar explained part of the complicated sign language and Krishna Kutty demonstrated in brilliant mime, did the interpolation seem justified. The costumes and jewelery were superb. With diaphanous embroidered skirts floating over gorgeous coloured trousers, and great gold ornaments jangling, this Indian style of dress seemed one of the most beautiful ever designed by man. Besides Krishna Kutty, the company has another outstanding artist in the flautist. In a musical interlude, accompanied by a long drum and a kind of squeeze box that sustains one note, Sushil das Gupta played a bamboo flute exquisitely. The rest of the dancers and musicians were all of a high standard; it is only a pity for the sustenance of the programme and the attraction of the public that the star, who makes such a strong impression, has not one or two more effective solos.

A. F.

"King Henry VI (Part Three)," at the Old Vic

Of all Shakespeare's Histories, this is most completely the Chronicle Play; to be at all effective, it must be played as such, even at the cost of repetitiveness and of risking snatches of boredom in a modern audience. Douglas Seale, producing the Birmingham Repertory Company, rightly gave us a traditional straightforward rendering, without any of the "cuts" and fussy etceteras that empirical sophisticates of Mr. Brook's school sometimes attempt with the Histories. And he was amply justified. The play kept its dead march swell, its slow cruel rhythm of men marching cumbrously in heavy armour. The great motifs—kingship and chaos, civil war and the chain of being, the part played by Providence in the setting-up and pulling-down of princes—received full and eloquent statement. And this, after all, is what we go to *Henry VI (Part Three)* to see. Most of the performances were good, though a few were blurred in places. Paul Daneman's Crookback was a fine rude Machiavel, Basil Henson played Edward with the lusty forthrightness suitable to England's poacher-turned-gamekeeper. Certain scenes—the rhetorical soliloquy at Towton, for instance—miscarried, but the killing of Rutland and the subsequent baiting of York succeeded magnificently. Queen Margaret struck the true note of *catharsis* when she slopped the bloody rag over York's shoulder. Though Rosalind Boxall made a splendid effort as the Queen, she was really miscast. This was a Cheapside shrew rather than the royal she-wolf of Anjou. Edgar Wreford's Warwick and Alan Nunn's Clifford were alike excellent.

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

ATLANTIC UNION

SIR,—Aleck Bourne's letter last week does nothing to help the Labour Party overcome its dilemma. Of course we would all happily and instantly unite in order "directly to negotiate with the Eastern Powers" if only we could agree on what we needed to achieve by the negotiations. But the root cause of our dilemma is the fact that, though we all want to avoid war and know that if we fail in this nothing else matters, we are, nevertheless, as a Party, unsure of what has to be done to secure peace. Just to want a reconciliation with Russia isn't enough; we must decide what has to be done to get it, and be prepared to take the drastic steps involved.

As I see it, the inescapable fact is that this cold war we are now engaged upon, and the hotter variation we are also trying to avoid, is not caused by Russian Communism, or American capitalism, or by any other 'ism. Nor does it flow from the respective policies each nation currently pursues. It is happening because humanity is grouped into separate sovereign States; and because mankind resolutely refuses to superimpose upon the various anarchic nation-States a single federal world government. In the absence of the security which enforcible world law and justice alone can provide, each sovereign group of peoples is compelled to seek the only alternative, which is the illusory security of the arms race and military alliances. If Russia totally vanished from the globe, the pattern would be materially the same, save that some other nation would then become our chief enemy.

Unless Labour, as a Party, and we as a people will agree to the abrogation of Britain's traditional sovereignty and to the formation of some supra-national federal State, in which we shall of course be only a small unit, there is simply nothing conclusive to negotiate about.

If this is true, it is odd that as soon as any kind of federation is proposed by any group of people in this country THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should promptly pooh-pooh the idea on the spurious hypothesis that if the U.K. should federate it would thereby lose its freedom to pursue Socialist policies. Such an attitude means that you prefer the U.K. to remain a sovereign State absolutely free to pass through our Parliament whatever legislation we please, even though you must realise that this very sovereignty you cherish spells the anarchy which produces the wars which makes Socialism in Britain impractical.

Instead of condemning Atlantic Union out of hand we ought, I think, to admit that in so far as the concept of federal union encourages the integration of sovereign States the idea has merit. What is wrong with the Friends of Atlantic Union is that they resemble the curate's egg. Their bad part is that while they speak of integrating the whole of the Commonwealth with the Atlantic community they evidently are not meaning it. On this score, we, who criticise them, ought to insist that federal integration of States is a sound policy in principle only provided the federal State envisaged is not made exclusive. Our demand should be for the creation of a true nucleus of a world State in the sense that any and every nation, be it Schumania, India, China or Russia, may be allowed and encouraged to join it on exactly the same terms as are applied to the founders.

Now if the ultimate creation of such a World Federal Republic—to be built up sectionally of prefabricated units if need be—were to become the accepted policy of the Labour Party, we should, thereupon and at long last, have a real positive and constructive proposition to put to Russia (and to America) on which negotiations could hopefully begin. But nothing less than this is sufficient; for nothing less makes peace. HENRY USBORNE

House of Commons,
London, S.W.1.

SIR,—It has been said that ideas should be free but not manners. It seems to me astonishing that you should have published, whatever your political views concerning Atlantic Union may be, so improper a letter as that in which Mr. Wiener delivered a personal attack on Mr. Justice Roberts, a former member of the United States Supreme Court. To say that the Justice looked considerably older than 78, and then to add that "his expressed words are much more worn and tired than his physical appearance" is not decent argument but mere vulgar abuse. To say he was "President Coolidge's special attorney" is, in its context, so misleading as to constitute a deliberate falsehood. Everyone who has even an elementary knowledge of recent American history knows that when the Teapot Dome scandal became public in 1924 there was a universal demand that President Coolidge should appoint an independent lawyer of the highest character to conduct the prosecutions. He chose Roberts because it was recognised that he would perform this difficult task efficiently and impartially. It was due to his untiring efforts that Secretary Fall, a Republican, was convicted. The sneer that "for over two decades Justice Roberts has betrayed a truly remarkable loyalty to the ideas and ideals of Coolidge and Hoover" can only impress those who are totally ignorant of the history of the Supreme Court. It was Mr. Justice Roberts's vote which gave the liberal wing of that Court its majority.

Mr. Wiener complains that at the cocktail party it "was, as usual, impossible to interrupt his [Mr. Justice Roberts] endless and meaningless filibuster." It is just possible that if Mr. Wiener's manners on that occasion resembled those which he has shown in his letter, then the Justice may have chosen not to notice his presence. Incidentally, Mr. Wiener, when referring in sarcastic terms to Mr. Justice Roberts' trip to England, fails to point out that one of the reasons for that visit was that the Justice was about to receive the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in recognition of his distinguished contributions to scholarship and law. On that occasion the Public Orator did not describe his ideas as "ridiculous platitudes."

I do not belong to the American "Atlantic Union Committee," nor do I agree with many of its views, but even a cursory glance at the list of its members will show that the statement that Atlantic Union is "entirely an American Old-Guard Republican conception" is as untrue as the other statement contained in the letter.

As Mr. Wiener seems to lay stress on personal matters, may I say that I am a member of the Democratic Party, but I do not like to see even a Republican abused in this manner.

The Master's Lodgings, A. L. GOODHART
University College, Oxford.

LIBERALS IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—Mr. E. S. Sachs, secretary of the Garment Workers' Union in the Transvaal, has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for the crime of attending and addressing a meeting of his trade union. In the course of his judgment, the magistrate in Johannesburg, who imposed this sentence, said:

"It is common knowledge that one of the aims of Communism is to break down race barriers and strive for equal rights for all sections of the people, and to do so without any discrimination of race, colour or creed. It is well known that all the democracies of the world consider that Communism is menacing peace and order, turning the world upside down, and making stable and decent life impossible."

This passage in the judgment has a special significance. It shows very clearly that in the Union to-day the attack on so-called Communists is being extended to liberals. It is true that, before it was outlawed in 1950, the Communist party in South Africa, as one of its aims, opposed all types of racial discrimination. But this aim has been cherished by some South African liberals for over a century, and it is now also held by the United Nations. The mere fact that colour-bar policies condemned by liberals—and indeed even by people who would rank as Conservatives in Britain—have also been denounced by Communists does not turn liberals into Communists—except, apparently, in some parts of Africa. If it did, we should presently reach a point where, if an alleged Communist said it was raining, the rest of us would have to contend that it was not, lest, by agreeing with him, we became suspect as Communists.

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There is at present no legal justification whatever, even in South Africa, for regarding liberalism and Communism as twin evils indistinguishable from each other. Until Dr. Malan's Government follows its Act to Suppress Communism with an Act to Suppress Liberalism, liberals must continue to proclaim their faith. And they can do so in the knowledge that—to adapt the magistrate's words—"all the democracies of the world" are opposed in principle to *racial discrimination* precisely because "it makes stable and decent life impossible."

It would help liberals in South Africa if men in high places in London and in Washington explained this to the Union Government.

LIBERAL.

BOURGEOIS MASTERPIECES

SIR,—It is terrible to find views expressed on modern painting in the columns of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION which one would expect to find published within the narrower framework of the *Daily Worker*. Mr. John Berger reviews the exhibition of Twentieth Century Masterpieces at the Tate Gallery and states that it has failed to refute the charge—who made the charge?—that these significant works of art are bourgeois and decadent. He goes on to say that "obviously, all 112 works are, historically speaking, bourgeois—which is to say that they have been produced by artists working in the climate of a middle-class capitalist society. Furthermore, many of these works in their diversity of purpose, obscurity and over-specialisation, reflect the disintegration of this society."

Turner was, of course, the perfect example of a bourgeois artist. No doubt it was the insalubrious middle-class capitalist mental climate of his time which produced "The Fire at Sea," "Rain," "Steam and Speed"; or the blazing masterpieces of Venice. It is odd that he was also a revolutionary, in laying siege to that impressionism in the 1830s and '40s which was not to appear for the first time in France for three more decades. Knowing the bourgeois background of Rembrandt at an earlier period, it must be difficult for Mr. Berger to look at any of Rembrandt's pictures with patience or pleasure. Does Mr. Berger really imagine that this "climate" has any effect on a great artist? He seems to approve of Rousseau; and yet "La Reve" is the work of the most bourgeois artist of the early 20th Century. It must be equally difficult for Mr. Berger to reconcile those great works of art created by Henry Moore with the artist himself, living in bourgeois tranquillity in a comfortable house in the country—for which he has worked so hard.

Since when does diversity of purpose reflect the disintegration of a society? It is surely the most healthy manifestation of a liberal-minded community. And for whom are these pictures obscure and over-specialised? The proletariat—and Mr. Berger?

He goes on to say that "it seems absurd to deny that the Surrealists were decadent." But the Surrealists, though uneven in accomplishment, are of vital importance to the art of this century: they liberated the imagination of some of our finest artists. What *can* be decadent about Miro's joyous and enchanting pictures? And what can one say of Lautrec, or Baudelaire or Verlaine or Rimbaud? If Mr. Berger will think for a moment, he will discover that many masterpieces created by French, Flemish, Italian, English, Dutch or Spanish artists in the last six centuries are both bourgeois in background and immoral or decadent in content. Presumably, they are therefore bad works of art.

I do not understand why Picasso's cubist portraits are not obscure and over-specialised (or the paintings by Juan Gris) as opposed to the other artists mentioned by Mr. Berger. Finally, I must say that quite apart from Mr. Berger's monstrously foolish propaganda for the Communist attitude towards art, his analysis of the magnificent "Girl with a Mandolin" by Picasso is singularly inept.

Whitechapel Art Gallery, BRYAN ROBERTSON,
London, E.1. *Director*

[Mr. Berger writes: "Mr. Robertson's accusations really amount to the following: that I am a Socialist, that I think the art and ideas of a society are related to its economic and social structure, and that I believe much contemporary art fails to communicate to any but a minute, highly specialised section of the public. He is right, but he fails to understand that within any society at any given time there are various forces at work, and that it is the struggle between these which determines its vitality or decadence in different periods.

I believe the Cubist movement was more vital than the Surrealist movement because it was based on reason instead of personal mythology. Of course the Surrealist movement was liberating—in a negative sense."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE MEANING OF TREASON

SIR,—I am sad that Mr. Richard Crossman should have gained such a very odd impression of *The Meaning of Treason* from what must have been a hasty reading. There are a number of minor points in his review which I would like to question. It seems a strange assertion that I have lavished all my "great literary powers on making the treachery of William Joyce touching and sympathetic," when the book consists largely of an argument that it was perfectly right to hang him. I can do better than this in the way of creating sympathy. And I do not understand why the son of a Birmingham brass-founder should be insulated from the influence of the Webbs by the occupation of his father.

But there are two more important points on which I must insist that Mr. Crossman wholly misrepresents my attitude. Mr. Crossman speaks of the "possibility that treason may become a duty—which Miss West never seems to envisage" and remarks that "frequently, in order to *preserve* society against the State, men have been forced to break their solemn oaths," and alleges that I am unaware of that obvious truth. This is a curious accusation to bring against me, considering that I spent five years writing *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, which relates with approval how the men of the Balkans constantly committed treason against the Turkish State in order to preserve their society. And in fact *The Meaning of Treason* contains an explicit statement of my realisation of these obvious truths, in which, indeed, I go further than he does, because I say:

> A man's demands for liberty must at some point challenge the limitations the State imposes on the individual for the sake of the mass. If he is to carry on the national tradition he must wrestle with those who, speaking in its name, desire to crystallise it at the point reached by the previous generation. . . . All men should have a drop or two of treason in their veins, if the nations are not to go soft like so many sleepy pears.

I could not agree with Mr. Crossman's contention that Major Remer was entirely wrong in his remarks about the German generals; and I am sure that Mr. Crossman must know that it is most unlikely that I would agree with a neo-Fascist or any other sort of Fascist. I am entirely of the same opinion as Mr. Crossman when he points out that it is proper to investigate "the rival merits of Fascism, Communism, and Western democracy, with the understanding that our loyalty depends on the results of the investigation." I took this principle so thoroughly for granted that when *The Meaning of Treason* was first published I was most startled to find that some of the reviewers had not worked this out for themselves; and I specially added a note to the preface of the first revised edition, which set out the principle, ending in these sentences:

> . . . German refugees had been deprived of the protection of the State for racial and political reasons, and therefore owed it no allegiance. Indeed, all totalitarian States, by their contempt of the individual and its expression in their legal customs, forfeit their right to talk of protection, and so must be silent about treason.

These misrepresentations of the fundamental attitudes behind my book, serious as they are, are, however, not so grave as one sentence in Mr. Crossman's review, which I must ask you to withdraw absolutely: "However, the real lesson of the atom espionage is that it need never have happened if Counter-espionage had not assumed, as these books assume, that spies are obvious 'criminals,' pederasts, and loose talkers." There is no such assumption behind my book. I do not know what Mr. Crossman wishes to imply by the word criminals enclosed in inverted commas, but if he means professional criminals the allegation is patently absurd; and loose talk is obviously not an accusation which can seriously be made regarding spies. But it is the reference to "pederasts" against which I most emphatically protest. There is not one line in *The Meaning of Treason* which suggests that any of the atomic spies were pederasts. I have never heard any suggestion that any of them were subject to such a suspicion, and until Mr. Crossman's article it had never crossed my mind that they could be accused of such tendencies. I would be obliged, therefore, if you would assure your readers that there is no foundation whatsoever for Mr. Crossman's statement that my book is founded on any such assumption as is indicated in this sentence.

REBECCA WEST

[Mr. Crossman comments: "I am sorry to have upset Miss West and I agree that she did not state in her book that 'any of the atomic spies were pederasts' or loose-talkers."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LOCUSTS

SIR,—In my letter on Locusts, where "covering excessively hot, dry and cold regions" was printed, the word *covering* should have been "evading."

Hayling Island. BERNARD ACWORTH

LIBELLOUS NAMES

SIR,—Nothing is too improbable for estate agents. To Critic's two instances of July 26 let me add, as further authentic examples, Offer and Offer (London, S.W.1); Foster and Faith (Mayfair); Goodwill and Luxemburg (Chelsea); Reeks and Goode (Harpenden); Button, Menhennit and Mutton (Wadebridge); and the Dickensian-sounding Snailum and Mugford (Trowbridge). I am told that there is a firm of solicitors in Scotland called Welsh and Robb; and on a different plane I can vouch for the electricians in Ashtead, Surrey, trading as Messrs. Venus and Spong.

T. E. M. MCKITTERICK

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Books in General

FROM a brief indication of the locale and theme of a great many American novels, it has become pretty easy to fill in the rest. The spell of American loquacity comes on one like some interminable talk in a train; it is the spell of the literal mind which breaks down any human situation into the "I said" and "he said" of circumstance and which has submitted life to the mild, friendly chewing of the human jaw. There is a limp democratic charm in this manner of writing: all jaws are equal, all are moving. The liberating quality in a large number of quite ordinary American novels, indeed, seems to spring from the notion that it is enough to talk in our own sagging way through everything. But that idea has long ago lost its novelty. Large areas of very talented American writing are mere repetition work, a hurried laying-down of the macadam of a literature, an expert bustling around to see that all streets are paved, and the talking mind does this more quickly than any other. What we look for is the occasional American genius—the Faulkner, for example—who will build his own original, imaginative or intellectual structures in some small corner of the plan.

Such a genius is Miss Carson McCullers, the most remarkable novelist, I think, to come out of America for a generation. Coverage is ignored by her. She is a regional writer from the South, but behind her lies that classical and melancholy authority, that indifference to shock, which seem more European than American. She knows her own original, fearless and compassionate mind. The short novels and two or three stories now published in *The Ballad of the Sad Café**—the sing-song Poe-like title so filled with the dominant American emotion of nostalgia—make an impact which recalls the impression made by such very different writers as Maupassant and D. H. Lawrence. What she has, before anything else, is a courageous imagination; that is to say one that is bold enough to consider the terrible in human nature without loss of nerve, calm, dignity or love. She has the fearless "golden eye" of the title of one of her stories. She is as circumspect as Defoe was in setting down the plain facts of her decaying Southern scene—a boring military camp, the dying little mill town with its closed café and empty streets, the back-kitchen life of a widower's daughter—and yet the moment she picks out her people, they are changed from the typical to the extraordinary. Like all writers of original genius, she convinces us that we have missed something which was plainly to be seen in the real world. So that if it is a matter of freaks like a gangling, mannish, hard-spitting, hard-hitting old virgin, or the hunchback dwarf she falls in love with, we are made to see that ordinary human love can transform them as it can any other creature: and, reversing the situation, when love gives its twist to a pair of dull officers and their wives at a military station, they become as strange, in their way, as the freaks. Like a chorus the mass of ordinary people crowd round these afflicted hearts. It may be objected that the very strangeness of the characters in a story like *The Ballad of the Sad Café* is that of regional gossip and, in fact, turns these characters into minor figures from some American Powys-land. They become the bywords of a local ballad. But the compassion of the author gives them their Homeric moment in a universal tragedy. There is a point at which they become "great." A more exact definition of the range of her genius would be to say that human destiny is watched by her in the heart alone. She is—but in the highest and most sensitive degree—limited to the subject of personality.

On that subject she is a master of peculiar perception and an incomparable story-teller. The *Ballad*, though it concerns oddities, is a most ingenious and surprising work and, as in her other stories, its invention and surprise are found not in plot but in the contemplation of the characters themselves. She winds her way backwards and forwards into her people in a way that is sometimes too dilatory, but at every digression she cannot fail to come upon some new bearing on their fate. The almost intolerable, magnetised suspense of her stories comes from the leisure of telling and her power to catch the fatal changes in people. The little hunchback in the *Ballad* appears first of all as a miserable, weeping abortion at Miss Amelia's store; a meal, a bed, an act of kindness turn him into a hard, proud little fellow; the astonishing love Miss Amelia suddenly thrusts on him—it is described as a sudden hunger of "lonesomeness"—turns him further into a chattering tyrant and dandy. He civilises this terrible virgin who had once thrown a husband out of her room on her bridal night. The dwarf softens her mad quarrels, her cheating and violence; at night she sits up with him because he is afraid of the dark and has a terror of death. But if two strange beings are remade by love, the dwarf strengthened by it, the woman weakened, they are now vulnerable to betrayal. And it is at this moment that Miss McCullers's powers as a story-teller come out, for every trivial detail that has gone before now plays its part in the terrible personal tragedy; the destruction of the heart of Miss Amelia. Miss Amelia fears that when her convict husband comes out he will kill the dwarf; what she does not reckon with is that emulation and slavishness underlie the vanity of the dwarf and that he will idiotically fall for the convict and will betray her. The betrayal occurs in the phenomenal set wrestling-match which takes place between this man-woman and her husband. Here is an example of Miss McCullers's eye for circumstance:

> The fight took place on Ground Hog Day, which is the second of February. The weather was favourable, being neither rainy nor sunny, and with a neutral temperature. There were several signs that this was the appointed day, and by ten o'clock the news spread all over the county. Early in the morning Miss Amelia went out and cut down her punching bag. Marvin Macy sat on the back step with a tin can of hog fat between his knees and carefully greased his arms and his legs. A hawk with a bloody breast flew over the town and circled twice round the property of Miss Amelia. The tables in the cafe were moved out to the back porch, so that the whole room was cleared for the fight. There was every sign. Both Miss Amelia and Marvin Macy ate four helpings of half-raw roast for dinner, and then lay down in the afternoon to store up strength. Marvin Macy rested in the big room upstairs, while Miss Amelia stretched herself out on the bench in her office. It was plain from her white stiff face what a torment it was for her to be lying still and doing nothing, but she lay there quiet as a corpse with her eyes closed and her hands crossed on her chest.

Turn from this to the opening lines of the portrait of Captain Penderton in *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. Here one meets the irony and tension of D. H. Lawrence, but the irony is classical and the unrest is subdued by a calm, misleading surface in the writing:

> The Captain's restlessness this evening had many causes. His personality differed in some respects from the ordinary. He stood in a somewhat curious relation to the three fundamentals of existence—life itself, sex, and death. Sexually the Captain obtained within himself a delicate balance between the male and female elements, with the susceptibilities of both the sexes and the active powers of neither. For a person content to withdraw a bit from life, and able to collect his scattered passions and throw himself whole-heartedly into some impersonal work, some art or even some crack-brained fixed idea such as an attempt to square the circle—for such a person this state of being is bearable enough.

But he had "a sad penchant" for falling in love with his wife's lovers and

> as to his relation with the two other fundaments, his position was simple enough. In his balance between the two great instincts, toward life and toward death, the scale was heavily weighted to one side—to death. Because of this the Captain was a coward.

This kind of analysis gives bone structure to a story because it has authority; it is also a valuable point of recuperation in the narrative; and it is unnerving because it discloses the powerful, classical, emotional threats of the unconscious. In her power to show the unconscious breaking surface, Miss McCullers is remarkable. She is a wonderful observer—this is rare in Anglo-Saxon writers—of the forms of love. In describing things like a neurotic illness, the seductiveness of a silly woman of slightly feeble mind, a pious soldier suddenly made sinister and exalted by the shock of desire, theory is buried far out of sight; one sees these things as they are in life but one is covertly made to understand the force behind them at the same time. Once again, the atmosphere created from innumerable fine strokes of local detail is momentous, and the winding course of the story adds to its effect. Perhaps engrossed by her own skill in the devious line of continuity, Miss McCullers digresses or pads too much. There is a portrait of a Filipino servant which is a failure because he too usefully embodies the personal ideal of a moral sensibility that is perfect aesthetically. He is too precious a distillation of insight and humility in a story that is, very properly, a satire on the lethargy of life at a military station.

Although this is the most ambitious story in the book and the most powerful, it did not strike me as having the total originality of *Member of the Wedding*. This is simply a long study in the character of a motherless girl of about 13 who is mainly brought up by a Negress in her father's kitchen and who is shown at the crisis of puberty where the childish personality is struggling to turn into the adult. Stories of

* *The Ballad of the Sad Café*. By CARSON MCCULLERS. Cresset Press. 15s.

adolescence are apt to be fatally infected by the morbidity, the continued adolescence of their authors. This one is not. Once again, this story goes on too long; it is filled with too many instances; but I have never seen anything on this subject done with a comparable insight. The squalor of dirty-faced, aggressive childhood, its physical awkwardness, its stupidities and jealousies, its ignorance of the world, its gusts of idealism, its lapses into the infantile are rendered in just detail; and when I say "rendered" I do not mean merely stated or analysed but, in the Jamesian sense, dramatised and put into the skin of life. And the terror of life, the fact that, to an intense imagination, life is terrifying from moment to moment because we do not know the fierce shadow inside ourselves or other people, is always conveyed. When the girl is jealous because her sister is getting married, she throws a butcher's knife across the kitchen as a kind of dare, to make it stick in the wood. In another mood, and feeling those emotions that drive the young into Youth Movements, badge-wearing groups and so on, she again picks up the knife "to have something to hold on to."

> "Hold still, Fool," said Berenice. "And lay down that knife." "We will just walk up to people and know them right away. We will know decorated aviators and New York people and movie stars. We will have thousands of friends, thousands and thousands and thousands of friends. We will belong to so many clubs that we can't even keep track of them. We will be members of the whole world. Boyo-man! Manoboy!"

A town comes to life in the child's wanderings, a place whose seamy and sinister meanings are half grasped, half ignored. Running wild about this place in her condition, the child is walking a tight-rope between normal human kindness and callous, frightful, casual wickedness and she has no fixed notion of either. So again this is a story of terror, but not of morbid terror. The child is not presented as a little sentimentalised victim of sordidness, but as a creature forming itself, becoming a member of life, undergoing a completing experience without knowing she is doing so. For the complete are the scarred. Miss McCullers is a writer of the highest class because of her great literary gifts; but underlying these, and not less important, is her sense of the completeness of human experience at any moment. She is a classic, not a convert.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE SUBSTITUTE

He rehearsed then with an understudy
(Love he had cast not ready to play the part
Nor knowing yet disturbance in the heart).
Nearly indifferent he explored the body
Of one untutored, ready to be hurt,
Absolute, being unpractised in the role.

She took the lesson wholly in the school
Of his rehearsal, learnt it thoroughly,
Played it entire while his mind still was full
Of the other with whom he could not be,
Who played a passion quite away from him.

If she his waking love and she his dream
Used cruelly should meet, his love would stir
A sympathy and union in them,
The loved and loving have a common theme,
And he the instigator be in neither
But as the cause they recognised each other.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

THE OLD GREY FOX

Franz Von Papen: Memoirs. *Andre Deutsch.* 25*s.*

The most sympathetic portrait of Von Papen I can construct, even in the shamelessly flattering light of his own memoirs, is of a fustian figure, ridiculous rather than wicked, comic in its anachronism, the pathetic survivor of a more stylised age, who, like a broken-down "colonel" in a shabby boarding-house, can demean himself to sponge a gentleman's living, but never to acknowledge social contact or a common purpose with the grubby hands that feed him. Vain and stupid, arrogant and pompous, how could he have influenced the evil days he lived through? His call was to keep up standards among the sleazy crew who surrounded him, to furnish the patriotic bromide without which an Uhlan officer, who had hunted with the Quorn, could hardly work with rankers. How disproportionately absurd, then, to have fed this seedy cavalier from the Herrenklub into the great machine of Nuremburg. And how well adjusted and discriminating that machine was to spew him out, with Schacht and Fritzsche, on to the scrap heap marked Not Guilty.

Papen, of course, would not put it quite in those words; but in essence that is his defence against charges that he was a rogue and a war criminal, a defence offered in this book, not to the Court which treated him so contemptuously, but to the jury of public opinion where the charges have stuck. Or rather, it is his first line of defence. For overlaying it is a glossier picture. I was innocent (says Papen, aloof, immaculately dressed, every inch a soldier). No matter that the facts inform against me, I acted as an officer should, in the best interests of my country and the Roman Catholic Church. I stamped on radicals wherever I could find them. I worked always to bring France and Germany together and I devoted my life to saving Europe from the atheist hordes. Let him state the central theme in his own words:

> My own fundamental error was to under-rate the dynamic power which had awakened the national and social instincts of the masses. My conception of State authority, and its function as guardian of the law, was based on the ideals of the Kaiser's time, which many of us had regarded as absolutes.

All this with a wealth of cliché and the fantasy of a Dornford Yates novel.

But the old fox has not lost his cunning. He cannot, one feels, have expected much of this rubbishy rhodomontade to be taken at its face value outside the luncheon clubs of the Mid-West, to which this book is primarily addressed. But strip away the top layer, the false front of Christian knighthood, and you find the second line of defence, the pathetic figure of the broken-down gentleman, too phoney, too hollow to have influenced events. This is the substantial defence, and it is one which, if true, must evoke a kind of contemptuous pity—not very warming perhaps, but sufficient at a pinch to sway a jury.

The facts, when stripped of Papen's web of verbiage, form an ugly pattern, far more suggestive of calculated roguery than pretentious folly. It was Papen, propped up between the senile Hindenburg and the able, treacherous Sleicher, who opened the gates of the Weimar Republic to the Nazis. It was Papen who, as Vice-Chancellor for the first and vital eighteen months of Hitler's Chancellorship, lent respectability to the regime. It was Papen who failed, when he had an unequalled opportunity, to warn Hindenburg of the mounting emergency which preceded the Roehm *putsch*, and Papen whose life was somehow preserved, when his friends and subordinates fell, on the night of the long knives. Papen's was the hand which drafted references into Hindenburg's testament approving the Nazi's achievements. Papen went to the Vatican and vastly strengthened Hitler's position by negotiating the Concordat. Papen was Hitler's ambassador to Austria, and engineered the events which led to the Anschluss and the occupation. Papen it was to whom Hitler entrusted the crucial embassy at Ankara, first to keep a check on Soviet and Italian moves in the Balkans, later to bolster Turkish neutrality in the war; and Papen whom Hitler decorated after the failure of the July plot, to the outlines of which, at least, Papen had been privy from the first.

The one substantial episode to his credit, which is known to be true, is the Marburg speech of June, 1934, which contains some fairly stringent criticism of the regime. But even this can be used by the prosecution. For why was Papen allowed to get away with it, unless his services to Hitler were otherwise remarkable? And why was there nothing more? The fact is that, from January, 1933, when they first met, until nearly the end of the war, Papen was, on his own showing, one of Hitler's most serviceable and accommodating henchmen. That this was all an accident, or that all the time he was waging an undercover battle against the "radicals" of the regime is practically incredible, and depends on Papen's largely uncorroborated word. In the closing stages of the war, after his success in maintaining relatively good relations with the Turks, he certainly used his Embassy as the base from which to initiate all sorts of unauthorised peace feelers. Indeed, an impartial jury might hold that he was guilty of gross insubordination, if not of treachery, to the Government he was paid to represent. But by that time the final outcome was obvious—a gentleman's livelihood would, for the future, have to be scrounged farther West than the Third Reich.

This book, long, over-argued and repetitive though it is (and one sympathises with the Nuremburg Court's repeated demand for brevity) is of absorbing interest both for the ground it covers and for the vivid self-portrait it presents of a thoroughly bad hat. As a record of history it must be treated with scepticism. So many of the material witnesses are conveniently dead, so many of the documents lost. This is what Von Papen now wants the Western world to believe; it is a defence against criminal charges and it is as that, rather than as an objective record, that it will take its place among the miscellany of surviving evidence on which history will judge the Nazi empire.

And the verdict? The Nuremburg acquittal was perhaps justifiable as the equivalent of Not Proven. Most probably the judges, anxious to record some acquittals, persuaded themselves to the view that such a preposterous figure could scarcely have exercised a significant influence on the course of events. It was the old rogue's greatest triumph. Few men did more for Hitler's Germany and nobody got more out of it.

JOHN FREEMAN

WAGNER IN CLOSE-UP

Letters of Richard Wagner: The Burrell Collection. Edited by JOHN N. BURK. *Gollancz.* 42*s.*

The Loves of Richard Wagner. By JULIUS KAPP. *W. H. Allen.* 21*s.*

"What!" exclaims the weary reader; "more about the private life of Richard Wagner! How am I to face it all again: Minna and Cosima, Jessie Laussot and Mathilde Wesendonck, Triebschen and Wahnfried, the parrot Papo and the dog Peps, the noble army of creditors, the luxurious furnishings, the pages and pages of self-justification and self-pity, the disputed paternity, the interminable squabbles of the biographers about dates and letters and sums of money? No, no, no! I have mastered the four splendid and—as I fondly supposed—definitive volumes of Ernest Newman's *Life*, and I am looking forward to Gerald Abraham's study of the musical style. In the meantime, I feel like Fafner. *Lass mich schlafen!*"

To such protests I offer no reply; only a caution. Let the weary reader beware of opening these books—especially the Burrell Letters—with a vague notion of browsing; he is liable to be caught. The details of Wagner's career have a compulsive fascination: we know more of his day-to-day life than of almost any other individual in history, and the more we know the more

we want to know. The fascination is partly that of life itself: the richness of character and complexity of motive as they gradually unfold themselves in all those thousands of letters which, amazingly, were never destroyed. Then the story of the Burrell Collection is in itself romantic: something in which Henry James would surely have recognised a *donnée*.

Mrs. Burrell was an Englishwoman with a passion for Wagner's works who devoted her considerable wealth and her enormous pertinacity to the accumulation of material for a trustworthy biography. She travelled for years all over Europe, spending freely and following every conceivable clue. In 1890 she made her greatest single discovery: a pathetic, embittered old lady living in a poorhouse in Saxony. This was Natalie Bilz-Planer, who had passed her life as the younger sister of Wagner's first wife, Minna Planer, but was in fact her illegitimate daughter: Minna had been seduced, at the age of fifteen, by an Army captain. Unconscious of the truth, Natalie remained for many years a regular member of the Wagner household; after Minna's death she inherited a vast accumulation of private papers, of which she surrendered many to Bayreuth but retained hundreds more. Little by little the suspicious old lady yielded her hoard to Mrs. Burrell. What united the two women was their common distrust of Cosima.

When Mrs. Burrell died, in 1898, only a fragment of her projected *Life* had been written, and the collection was bundled into boxes and clothes-baskets and deposited in a bank; according to Julius Kapp, part of it was lost. Twenty years ago it was acquired by Mrs. Curtis Bok (now Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist), who presented it to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. Until now it has remained inaccessible to Wagner scholars; not even Ernest Newman was able to consult it. The present volume contains a large selection of the letters translated into English, a full description of the remainder, and a remarkably unbiased and clear-headed running commentary by the editor, Mr. John Burk.

The result of this mass of new material is not to alter the picture, but to supply innumerable details which bring the characters to life and make the course of events more comprehensible. In particular, we understand better than before the bonds which for so long held together two persons as incompatible as Wagner and Minna: to begin with, the overmastering physical passion on his side, and later on, the cosy domestic affection which survived a thousand squabbles and comes out in Richard's many nicknames for his wife: Mienel, Minako, Muzius, Mietze, "my poor good Mutz." It was Minna's misfortune that she never had any comprehension of her husband's creative genius; to her, he was just a clever opera conductor and composer who insisted on throwing away his chances by every kind of folly. But it is a mistake to think of her as a semi-literate Philistine. If these translations fairly represent her style, she wrote rather more fluently and correctly than the average educated person today.

Julius Kapp's book is something more than the *vie amoureuse* its title suggests. He is one of the leading Wagner scholars of Germany; in 1913 he edited the *Collected Correspondence of Richard Wagner* (at that date there were already over 6,400 letters); and in 1930 he was about to bring out a complete edition of the Burrell Collection when Bayreuth successfully intervened to prevent publication. The present book (a complete revision of his popular *Richard Wagner und die Frauen*, which first appeared in 1912) consists largely of letters and diaries; the author's comments are fair-minded and well informed, if undistinguished in style and sentimental in approach. Dr. Kapp's motto is "*cherchez la femme*," as opposed to Mr. Newman's, which might be defined as "*cherchez le chef d'œuvre*": whereas Dr. Kapp believes that love for Mathilde inspired *Tristan*, Mr. Newman would reverse the proposition. It is a pity that Dr. Kapp does not always give us the authority for his statements. An instance arises in his discussion of the Jessie Laussot affair. Jessie was the English wife of a Bordeaux wine merchant, and Wagner was on the point of eloping with her to the East when she lost courage and confided in her mother, Mrs. Taylor. The result was ignominious for Wagner; his passport being out of order, he was actually warned by the police to leave Bordeaux. All this is well known, though different interpretations can be placed on the familiar facts. But Dr. Kapp suddenly adds a footnote: "Mrs. Taylor, who was very well off, had had a liaison with Eugène Laussot and had then given him to her sixteen-year-old daughter in marriage." Now this story, if true, gives a sinister Mauriac flavour to the Laussot household, and makes Wagner's behaviour seem, if only by contrast, rather less outrageous than we had supposed.

By the way, the interest of these books is not exclusively amorous or personal. Here is Wagner writing to Tichatschek (his first Tannhäuser, a delightful fellow) about the difficulty of casting *Tristan*: "As for the soprano, I shall have to keep Ney (in spite of everything), for I need—especially for Isolde—voice, voice, voice!" Rossini's very words! No wonder the two got on so well at their celebrated meeting.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE BATTLE FOR REFORM

Three Early Nineteenth Century Diaries. Edited by ARTHUR ASPINALL. *Williams & Norgate.* 45*s.*

Professor Aspinall is one of those conscientious historians, more common in the U.S.A. than in this country, who concern themselves with increasing the stock of raw material out of which history is manufactured. Through his industrious spadework, our knowledge of the early nineteenth century has been considerably enriched with previously unpublished matter dug out from family archives. The three new diaries he has ferreted out throw some further illumination on the extraordinary political excitement and social tension that attended the enactment of the great Reform Bill in 1832.

In retrospect the Reform Bill is now no more than a landmark in history—just one of the inevitable steps in the onward march of democracy like Habeas Corpus and the Bill of Rights. But during the desperate parliamentary struggle over its passage no one knew that England was heading for democracy; and the question of the day was simply which party would win, the Tories or the Reformers. Actually, it turned out to be the one battle the Duke of Wellington lost; yet resembling Waterloo "it was a damned close-run thing." The issue remained in doubt until the Tories had exhausted their ammunition. Indeed, the very last shot in their locker might conceivably have turned the scales in their favour, only it misfired. Sir Robert Peel, their biggest gun, in the final salvo remained silent and refused to go off!

The three diaries, from which Professor Aspinall prints lavish extracts, were written by politicians actively engaged in this combat; Lord Ellenborough was a Tory peer and a staunch lieutenant of the Duke's; E. J. Littleton was a Whig M.P. with hopes of advancement, provided Lord Grey carried the Bill; and Le Marchant, who was Brougham's secretary, held Radical views, although being a civil servant he was less personally involved in the fate of Reform. The day-by-day records, here available from three different political angles, of the fluster and ferment while the fight was in progress, supplement the account we already have from a fourth point of view, that of Charles Greville, who was closely involved with "the Waverers," the splinter party of Tory peers responsible for eventually letting the Bill through the Lords.

The testimony of these four eye-witnesses is remarkably consistent. Indeed, over the first two Reform Bills which the Tories succeeded in rejecting, the new diaries do little more than expand the already known facts. (At that time the Opposition were far from thinking they were

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LONGMANS

beaten; and it is amusing to read Ellenborough's frequent wishful entries, such as "Government cannot stand," "We shall be in in a month.") But in the final *mêlée* of May, 1832, when Lord Grey resigned after a snap defeat in the Lords and the King was offering the Premiership to any Tory who would outface the Commons, it was all Greville could do to keep track of the vergiversations of his own Waverers. Here Professor Aspinall's new recruits come in most useful and informative.

I e Marchant records "political noblemen and gentlemen driving and trotting about, with faces very much varying in dimensions." Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke, Lord Harrowby, and the Speaker, Manners-Sutton, all sadly rejected William IV's invitation to take office. But it was Peel's resolute refusal that settled the Tory hash; without him no Tory Government could survive one debate in the angry Commons. William IV had reluctantly to recall Lord Grey; and Reform was safely home on the Statute Book. This last-minute flutter was, of course, entirely the fault of the King, who was himself the supreme Waverer over the question of creating enough peers to pass the Bill. At 1.30 p.m. on May 16th he was reported "*as firm as a rock*" against enlarging the peerage; at 10 o'clock the same night the bulletin came in "still firm." But within 24 hours the rock was transmuted to jelly.

Professor Aspinall, in a long and thoughtful introduction to the diaries, has weighed up the sequel to Reform. The prophets on both sides lived to be confounded; the Tories anticipated red revolution, the Whigs an increase in the representation of the middle-classes and trade. When the first Reformed House of Commons assembled, the Duke of Wellington looked down from the gallery and coined a phrase: "Never seen so many bad hats." The hats may have been worse than before, but the heads underneath were much the same as usual. For many years Reformed Parliaments remained very like their unregenerate predecessors. Dr. Aspinall estimates that the immediate effect of Reform was to weaken the monarchy, the royal prerogative never recovered from its wobbling over the making of peers, and the Crown ever since has been obliged to take the Prime Minister's advice in matters of State.

The book is admirably edited and sufficiently indexed as befits a work mainly addressed to serious political students. The general reader, however, with an interest in those piping times, will not go unrewarded. I particularly like the suggestions that *The Times* was being bribed with "Dutch florins"; that the editor Barnes was "a villain"; that Leopold of Coburg was "a most miserable charlatan"; that Rothschild constantly spread political rumours to aid his speculations in the funds; and that Brougham consumed three immense tumblers of hot port while making the speech of his life in the House of Lords.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

TWO MISSES AND A MAGPIE

Jane Avril of the Moulin Rouge. By JOSE SHERCLIFF. *Jarrolds*. 16*s*.

Schnozzola. The Story of Jimmy Durante. By GENE FOWLER. *Hammond*. 15*s*.

My Own Unaided Work. By HERMIONE GINGOLD. *Werner Laurie*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Is anything valuable achieved by parading before us detailed lives of our stage and screen performers? When such lives are in autobiographical form there is often a certain charm, with the *succès fou* modestly suggested ("I never felt I was right for the part, but the public, bless them, seemed to love me"), the domestic disasters briskly skated over ("By now, Humphrey and I had drifted apart and I was free"), the brushes with Royalty ("Down I went in my first, and studiously rehearsed, curtsey"), the carefully chosen photographs of country cottage, dressing-room and most presentable husband ("Denis and myself at Biarritz, not forgetting Snuffles!"). These splendid literary wedding-cakes are sugary and sumptuous enough when glimpsed through a haze of champagne bubbles, but they are soggy and heavy at their hearts.

Footlight lives, when described by others, have less fascination, and when the performers themselves are unexciting, they are cold potatoes indeed. It is no sort of use trying to pretend that the talents of Mlle Jane Avril and Mr. Jimmy ("Schnozzle") Durante were, or are, exceptional. Would Mlle Avril even be remembered if Toulouse-Lautrec had not drawn her enchantingly time and again, and if there did not hover round her the tired glow of the Moulin Rouge, Montmartre, and things over which immature Englishmen nudge each other until their elbows ache? Mr. Durante is an experienced and competent comedian, but no more than that, and the humours of a Cyrano nose and words like "catastrastroke" are quickly exhausted.

The style favoured by Miss Shercliff reminds one of Noel Coward's brilliant *A Withered Nosegay*, which remains a terrible warning to theatrical and historical biographers not to go too far. This helpful volume cannot be on Miss Shercliff's shelves. "To Paris in the spring," she writes, "with the Luxembourg Gardens breathing of love, Jeanne and Julien were but part of the whole gay, nonchalant life of Love's Capital." Miss Shercliff has, alas, missed an opportunity; as far as one can spear out the facts from the trashy trappings, the bare story would have made a tragic and moving tale. Indeed, the most impressive thing in the book is the sole photograph of Jane Avril, wistful, remote and oddly distinguished. But, instead, we are thrust headlong into a marshmallow world of cocottes (I had not heard the term *grande horizontale* before), high jinks in the *quartier latin*, saucy midinettes, generous bosoms, the *frou-frou* of silk, young ladies exerting themselves in the can-can, elderly squires, ageing belles, and, heaven help us, the cliché. For all this we are alerted: "Paris of the Nineties," announces the front flap, "with Jane Avril dancing across the bright scene of laughter and tears, dancing her way to love, dancing to forget, then dancing her way to love again." Personally, I choose dancing to forget.

Mr. Gene (*Good Night, Sweet Prince*) Fowler, ebullicntly enthusiastic about his subject, traces Jimmy Durante's confident steps from the days when he was the newsboy with the most penetrating voice in the City area, through Coney Island, Broadway and Hollywood, to his current television triumphs and the winning of the 1951 George Foster Peabody award, a prized honour, we are told, among television actors. Somehow this makes one feel more kindly disposed towards Lime Grove. It may not be sensible to describe Mr. Durante as "the mightiest clown since Grimaldi" but neither extravagance nor a richly sentimental approach can obscure the obvious geniality of the Schnozzola's character. One remembers, on the silver screen, a rasping voice, an energetic personality, a smile and a nose; remembers with affection, but that, I think, is all.

The book abounds in words already experienced and by one at least still imperfectly understood, such as honky-tonk, razzmataz, hi-jacking, plugugly, beefing, floating crap and cheesecake (inedible, apparently). The general flavour may be gathered from the following extract:

> The clown must make us laugh, although he himself may suffer pain, frustration, sadness, despair. . . . Out of his seeming artlessness there shines a surviving sanity in a world gone daft. And against our modern will to destroy ourselves, and against our mad deeds that would undo the heritage that has made America so great, the sage laughter of the clown sounds high and wholesome, high and clean. It seems a glad summons to man's dimming hope, a call to hold fast.

There is a story that Madame Lenglen (with her husband, the driving force behind their daughter Suzanne) received her child when she left the court after beating Helen Will, with the furious cry of "*Dieu, que tu as mal joué!*" Miss Gingold deserves some such wigging; she just brings it off but it is the nearest of shaves, the narrowest of squeaks. The jacket picture shows her daubing red paint on the noses of Shakespeare, Shaw and Coward, which seems pointless, if not impertinent, and half of a very short book turns out to be a reprint of *The World is Square*, an earlier *enfantillage terrible* of slender appeal. This won't quite do at seven and sixpence a time. Some of the new material consists of items performed in revues, and there are many local jokes (it is delightful usually to be reminded of Hermione Baddeley, but here the constant references are wearying). The blurb describes Miss Gingold as "the funniest woman . . . the world," which is a rash claim in a profession and a *genre* that include Beatrice Lillie and Joyce Grenfell. Perhaps the statement refers to conversation, or the wireless: I hardly think it can refer to writing.

And yet, despite numerous irritations, there is something engaging about the book, if it needs a knowledge of Miss Gingold's art to appreciate it fully. It is mostly elaborately false and outrageous, though parts of the autobiographical sections may be true; if not, the conception of the authoress at the age of ten singing "Shipmates o' Mine" to Tree and subsequently appearing in *Pinkie and the Fairies* at His Majesty's is *benissimo trovato*. The quality that appeals in *My Own Unaided Work* is, I think, its amateurishness, a quality peculiarly dear to the English. Even on the stage, Miss Gingold seems to me to have (and it is not, necessarily, a disadvantage) a touch of the informal do-get-up-and-do-something, the drawing-room skit, the party piece. In her book, it is the sense that the authoress is trying hard, with an occasional winning hit, that brings our limited applause. But I feel that she should now confine herself to the many things that she does so entirely satisfactorily.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

ART BOOKS

European Ceramic Art: Dictionary of Factories, Artists, Technical Terms and General Information. By W. B. HONEY. *Faber*. £10 10*s*.

History of the World's Art. By HERMANN LEICHT. *Allen & Unwin*. 35*s*.

Towards Modern Art, or King Solomon's Picture Book. Unknown Renaissance Portraits. By LUDWIG GOLDSCHEIDER. *Phaidon*. 25*s*. each.

The *Dictionary* completes Mr. Honey's great work, of which the first part, the sumptuous introductory *Survey*, appeared three years ago; to call it (as do his publishers) "long-awaited" is, one supposes, an understatement. The feelings with which those who market its partial and inadequate predecessors (one or two of which are still in print in Europe and America) have awaited its appearance can be imagined. The *Dictionary* replaces, no doubt finally, all other reference books in the field, which it covers in its entirety for the first time. It will at once become familiar equipment in every museum, the dealer's standby, the connoisseur's immediate resort. It will also, with its excellent index of marks, be the quarry of amateurs, and they may be warned against disappointment; their fabulous discoveries, if omitted here, are much more likely to be productions of after 1815, which is Mr. Honey's terminal date. When it is added that, at a first look, only two minute slips appear (at the top of p. 641) it will be clear that this is one of those great and exact performances that evoke a sense of wonder. But there is occasion for a more personal feeling of gratitude. In the last seven years Mr. Honey has been responsible for some dozen other substantial works; if more historians, let alone lexicographers, were capable of meditations of the breadth and charm of his *Many Occasions*, libraries would be better places.

The remaining books in the batch cannot be weighed in these scales. No collection that lacks them can be called on that account incomplete. The one-volume history has become a traditional kind of art book and Mr. Leicht's contribution is perhaps not worse than the average. The use of the type seems to be largely educational but a teacher could certainly read further with advantage,

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while a pupil would still do better with Professor Gombrich's *Story of Art* of a few years ago. Mr. Leicht follows the old practice of drawing little distinction between art and artefacts before the Christian era. His text scurries hurriedly round messy and problematic line-blocks (" Section of vaulted building at Mokwa. . . ." ; " Typical West African chieftain's throne. . . ."), plunging into detail, often very inaccurate (six Dutch Renaissance artists on p. 259, only one of whose names emerges correct, are not exceptionally unfortunate), and using (" mention should also be made of the following. . . .") every device of style to chill delight. In fairness, it must be said that adolescents who are fond of art are fanatics, and many—the present writer for one—have devoured worse than this and taken no harm.

Probably it is too late, or too early, to write such a book. The subjects of the survey are necessarily miscellaneous and the unity of the activity must be assumed, for it can hardly be demonstrated. It is a real difficulty, from which not even Gombrich was immune, that this unity is no longer self-evident. We may believe art to be a single activity, but such evidence as is accumulating of what it in fact consists of does not strongly support the view. When it is possible to consider writing the history of the changing personal character of the artist's act, a first step will be taken: we shall be grappling with the difficulty. Until then popular historians and their audience are bound to remain a little demoralised.

The point of Dr. Goldscheider's picture-book is to reproduce recent works and earlier ones that look a little like them side by side. These comparisons are not, it seems, simply intended to amuse, like duller versions of the juxtapositions that fill the pocket magazines which one reads in the train: they are meant to show that there is no new thing under the sun and that creative activity remains essentially the same. In this form, the fallacy is, of course, clear enough. The juxtaposition, among others, of the left-hand soldier from Piero's *Resurrection* and Van Gogh's *Portrait of an Actor* indicates nothing, so far as I can see, but a certain vulgarity of taste. *Unknown Renaissance Portraits*—though not quite unknown—are a better idea. Heads from portrait medals are violently lighted and enlarged five times; the results are naturally forceful, and sometimes beautiful. They are also misleading, but it is in the nature of popular art-publishing that its blessings should be mixed.

LAWRENCE GOWING

NEW NOVELS

Hemlock and After. By ANGUS WILSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Return Home By RACHEL TRICKETT. *Constable.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Seduced by an attractive cover, a discreet blurb, a Book Society Recommend, and perhaps by rumours of a brilliant reputation, the Common Reader is in for some shocks when he passes beyond the beguiling opening pages of Mr. Angus Wilson's first novel. There will then be sudden flushes, reachings for the tongs, and the framing of sentences beginning with the words: "God knows I'm broad-minded—"

For *Hemlock and After* is not only a novel designed to appal, and one which in a large measure succeeds in its aim; it is, incidentally, very shocking. Let us describe it briefly. The central figure is Bernard Sands, an elderly and distinguished writer, a defender of "liberal values"—" so distinguished, so wise and so sad, so familiar a figure "—a Socratic *cher Maitre* whose ink has run a little. Sands is married, and is in fact a grandfather, but his wife has for some years been suffering from a nervous condition which makes it difficult for her to achieve any emotional or intellectual contact; he, meanwhile, is giving free rein to homosexual feelings which he has hitherto curbed. So much for his private life; in his public role Sands is sufficiently influential to be on the verge of opening a country house as a kind of asylum and workroom for young writers. Mr. Wilson makes no great effort to convince his readers of the actual desirability, still less of the viability, of this project; he leaves it as a symbol of political achievement. It is when he holds this symbol in his hand, so to speak, when he makes his speech at the official opening of Vardon Hall, that Sands, emotionally bewildered, burdened with guilt, falls a dramatic victim to the liberal *accidia*—Mr. Wilson understands very well the weakness of Bernard Sands's liberalism, that it is an answer rather than an affirmation, that it is impossible to be a liberal until somebody else has been something else first—and makes a long, maundering, desperately "unfortunate" speech, which very nearly wrecks the project. It is, in fact, if not a suicide, an acceptance of the poisoned cup of freedom, and *Hemlock and After* is a version not so much of the *Apology* as of the *Phaedo*. In fact, Sands dies, and his aims are achieved—although not finally or safely—by his wife, now recovered, who carries out the injunction of an old friend to "Make him live again."

All this, of course, is not in itself appalling, and it is not until it is seen as a part of Mr. Wilson's picture of the world in which Sands's concept of freedom is to be operated, that it shocks. For this is a world of malice and cruelty, of aggressiveness, and of superiority, in which the major horrors rub purulent shoulders with little bloody-minded bitcheries. In particular, his picture of homosexual relations—and it is a very large and striking picture—is one of utter desolation, a life without love or satisfaction, the Hobbesian "perpetual struggle of Power after power, that ceaseth only in death." There is, it is true, one moment when Bernard's friend Terence Lambert, hearing from him of the arrest of a man for importuning, protests with a vigour, a generosity, a readiness to fight, which makes the moment dramatic, admirable, and most moving; but this is an action not satisfactorily integrated into the general movement of the drama.

The most admirable thing about this book, then, is its courage, the relentless courage with which Mr. Wilson goes on his way, swallowing his toad every morning, despising both complaint and compromise. Even the hypodermic wit, the narrative power, the intelligence and the hair-trigger sensibility that give his writing its unique flavour, pale beside this courage. It is a rare quality; in itself it makes *Hemlock and After* one of the three or four English novels which have impressed me most since the end of the war. It will make it the most-discussed novel of 1952, and it will, I believe, ensure that in spite of its defects it will still be read in 1962.

The defects, however, are formidable; they are defects of thought, imagination, feeling. Let us take them in turn. Thought: Mr. Wilson's admirers are entitled to expect some more coherent idea than he gives of the view he holds of life as a whole. In *Hemlock and After* this view appears completely inchoate; "liberal values," despair, disgust, political action and personal relations—they have all been thrown into the pot, but in the end it does not seem that a dish has been cooked. Imagination: there are some beautifully handled characters and situations in this book, but there are also some blank failures. Thus Mrs. Curry, the fat, cosy procuress, and her whole racket, seem incredible, not really to be taken seriously. Feeling: there has always been in evidence in Mr. Wilson's writing a note of brutality, and a strain, common in the work of writers who combine marked sensibility with a puritan outlook, of a kind of frozen hysteria: his condemnations often show this note and this strain. Thus in *Hemlock and After* the hottest flame of his disgust and hatred appear to be reserved, not for Mrs. Curry, but for a character called Hubert Rose for whom she is procuring a fifteen-year-old girl. No doubt it would be a happier world if we were all able to be satisfactorily married, but since this is not the case I don't see why Bernard Sands should receive only sympathy while Hubert Rose should be presented as giving off fumes of brimstone. Yet, when all that is said, it is not upon a note of disapproval that any one who cares for the vitality of the English novel would wish to leave *Hemlock and After*, but on a note of admiration.

Miss Trickett's book is pretty far removed from Mr. Wilson's, but in its modest way it too has a flavour of its own, an unusual flavour. Warmly recommended in an Introduction by Lord David Cecil, it is an essay in the Genteel Tradition of English literature. The Tallises, cultured, rich, London, ex-Anglican, take a house in Yorkshire beside the boyhood home of their friend Edward Hallam, who, at their suggestion, returns there for a visit. The Hallams are devout members of a small dissenting sect, whose faith Edward has abandoned; but it still burns warmly in his sister Christiana, who, at the age of twenty, feels called to enter the ministry. *The Return Home* is in essence the story of a clash between two cultures, with emotional simplicity and religious enthusiasm represented by Christiana, and a phosphorescent shimmer of decayed "Bloomsbury" on the other, represented by Nicholas Carey. Although very little happens, the clash and its results are worked out logically and dramatically to the end. Miss Trickett directs her readers' sympathy towards the Hallams, and it is hard to say just why they appear to be described from the outside, and the Tallises from the inside. Yet this is so, although Christiana Hallam comes to life as a real and charming individual, while Nicholas Carey remains merely a type, wet, caddish, and "superior," who appears to have escaped from *Hemlock and After*. *The Return Home* which has rather conscious echoes of Jane Austen, has also a genuine quality of its own, and will undoubtedly give a good deal of pleasure to the public for which it is intended. Yet to me, even the picture of Yorkshire dissent, which is a large part of the book's merit, seems less authentic and just than that given in *The Temptation of Mr. Fraill*, by Mr. Raynor Chapman, which I reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago.

J. D. SCOTT

POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS

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There are as many ways of writing good criticism as there are of writing a good novel or a good poem; for, in spite of whatever theory happens to be in fashion, a work of literary criticism derives its value from the same qualities of sensibility, intelligence and style to which we attribute the indefinable power of an original work of art. If the value of criticism depended on the rightness or wrongness of the method employed, it would be difficult in our time to appreciate the critical writings of Dr. Johnson or Matthew Arnold: what we enjoy in these writings is our contact with uncommon minds.

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criticism shows the influence of Mr. Eliot and of Dr. Rudolf Kassner—judges his subject in the light of absolute, theological criteria; his main contribution to our knowledge of Rilke is his brilliant analysis of the un-Christian character of that "inwardness" to which many of Rilke's innovations can be ascribed. This part of the essay is a sound antidote to the sentimental excesses of the Rilke cult; but Dr. Holthusen also demonstrates Rilke's mastery as a poet by examining his highly individual use of syntax and imagery.

Ideological and theological criticism usually comes to grief when applied to Baudelaire; Professor Mansell Jones has therefore been content to point out some of the extreme contradictions that arise from attempts to put Baudelaire in his place. He is mainly concerned with "the architecture of *Les Fleurs du Mal*", with an investigation of Baudelaire's somewhat dubious claim that his book was conceived as a whole. What emerges from this study is none of the many familiar caricatures, but a modest sketch of the poet whose own critical essays should have made it clear by now that the one thing he never attained was a consistent attitude to religion, art or politics; but his blacks were blacker, his whites whiter than other men's. The complete Baudelaire is the one whose inconsistencies have been left intact.

Miss Sewell's *Valéry* is the most difficult and the most adventurous of these four studies; but her fascinating variations on the mirror theme in Valéry's prose and poetry are well worth the trouble of following. Thanks to her ingenious guidance, we do, in the end, come out of the labyrinth, not much the wiser perhaps, but certainly with feelings of wonderment and relief at having preserved our sanity. It is interesting in itself that a monograph on a writer who was primarily a poet should offer so many more complexities than Mr. Sprigge's admirable lucid account of Croce's philosophy, which he considers in its historical and biographical setting. The reason seems to be that, while it is a philosopher's business to be consistent, to generalise and to unify, a modern poet cannot help reflecting the superficial contrarieties of his time—even if, like Valéry at his most profound, he is a mirror reflecting inwards; and even Signor Croce, for all his courage and resolution, has not always found it easy to keep his bearings when dealing with specific problems of a topical nature.

These monographs are suitable for the serious and intelligent lay reader; everything possible has been done to remove difficulties not inherent either in the subject or in the writer's approach, to the extent of appending translations of all foreign quotations, as well as biographical and bibliographical summaries. If this new series can be judged by the four volumes under review, it deserves to be successful as it is ambitious. Some twenty more volumes have been announced.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Note.—Since the publication of the *Record Guide*, which has a starring system, readers of this column have complained that my use of a star to distinguish LP from SP is confusing. I therefore propose in future to introduce stars here for the purpose of grading performance and recording (*=good, **=excellent), and to use another hieroglyphic (§) to indicate LP discs. Readers are, however, advised that the starring in this column will not always be found identical with that in future editions of the *Record Guide*; one sometimes has second thoughts, and in the *R.G.* I have a collaborator, whose views do not necessarily coincide with my own.

Symphonies and Concertos. MOZART: No. 31, D major ("Paris"); No. 39, E flat major (LSO/Krips. §LXT 2689). This record well displays the faults and virtues of Josef Krips as a conductor. The works are beautifully turned out, in a tailor-made fashion; but there is never any sparkle, or symphonic drama, and the beat tends to be flaccid. The surface is heavy and I suspect that the E flat Symphony is an unsuccessful dubbing from the SP set. MOZART: No. 33, B flat major; HAYDN: No. 94, C major ("Surprise") (Concertgebouw/Van Beinum. *§LXT 2686). Nice, trim performances, the greatest virtue of which is the high clarity of the woodwind. The first movement of the "Surprise" is taken rather slow—but probably no slower than Haydn himself would have taken it. The recording is a shade over-resonant, but this is a fault on the right side. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: A London Symphony (LPO/Boult. **§LXT 2693). A splendidly authoritative performance which does full justice to the work. As the years go by, this music of the composer's early maturity seems to increase in stature, as well as to acquire a period flavour that endears it to all who knew London before and during the first war. The recording is well balanced and easily accommodates the whole of the large score. BEETHOVEN: Romance No. 1, G major, Op. 40 (Heifetz/RCA Victor Sym. Orch./Sternberg. DB 21471). This obvious and sentimental piece is made even more obvious and sentimental by Heifetz's style. The solo is, moreover, fuzzily recorded.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. BERLIOZ: Overture—*Les Francs Juges* (Philharmonia/Kletzki. **LX 8926-7). Kletzki secures a really thrilling performance of this impressive overture; the brass tone, in particular, is fine and solid. Recording beautifully balanced and spacious. WAGNER: *The Flying Dutchman*—Overture (Philharmonia/Malko. *C 4176). This version has the great advantage of occupying only two sides, whereas all the others take three; at the same time, the speed is not appreciably faster. The piece is played in good style, though the dynamic surprises on side 2 are not as thrilling as they can be. The wind chords (near the opening of side 1) are, for once, admirably steady in tone; but the recording, though agreeable, is not very immediate. All in all, however, this is now the best available version. CHERUBINI: *Anacreon*—Overture (Vienna Phil./Furtwängler. **DB 21493). Opinions may vary on the quality of this music, which seems to me to exploit too many formulæ for sustained interest; but it is beautifully played, and the recording gives a most welcome freedom to the woodwind and horn tone. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Swan Lake*—Ballet (LSO/Fistoulari. *§LXT 2681-2). This recording, which contains the whole of the ballet as performed at Covent Garden, is on the whole a very creditable affair. The engineers have taken great trouble to secure an all-round pleasant tone—a factor of great importance, in view of the noisy scoring in so many sections of the ballet. On the debit side, it must be said that the solos sound rather dim, and that the performance, though competent enough, lacks sparkle and is a times rather sleepy.

Chamber Music, Piano and Organ. BEETHOVEN: String Quartet, C major, Op. 59, No. 3 (Pascal Qt. *§CLP 1207); Ditto, and SCHUBERT: *Quartettsatz* (New Italian Qt. §LXT 2679). The second of these issues is a distinct failure, though not badly recorded. The opening is very indecisive; the Andante is taken far too slowly (and there is a nasty pitch-drop in the middle of it); the Finale has no life. By comparison, the Pascal version seems masterly, though in fact neither the recording nor the intonation is always impeccable; but the disc as a whole can be confidently recommended to those who have been impatiently awaiting a new issue of the Third Rasoumovsky Quartet. BRAHMS: Piano Quintet, F minor, Op. 34 (Quintetto Chigiano. *§LXT 2687). This disc would have received a double star, but for a rather chilly and unyielding account of the Andante. The quick movements—especially the Finale—are played with vivid precision and the recording is very well balanced. RAVEL: Introduction and Allegro (Stockton (harp)/Gleghorn (flute)/Lurie (clarinet)/Hollywood Qt.); DEBUSSY: *Danse sacrée et Danse profane* (Stockton/String Ensemble/Slatkin. **§CCL 7509). It would hardly be an exaggeration were I to say that, in its kind, I never expected to hear a better record than this. As a tissue of ravishing sounds the Ravel Septet would be hard to surpass; the balance, and the

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delicate gradations of tone, commanded by these American players are most impressive, and they are faithfully caught by the recording. The diamonds that pour in cascades from Miss Stockton's fingers are of a water that seldom enters the gramophone world. Debussy's *Danses*, in themselves of minor interest, acquire in so consumate a performance an exotic charm. BRAHMS: Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel, Op. 24 (Katchen. *§LX 3078). Those who do not possess the excellent (but deleted) Solomon set will be grateful for this LP, which is very well made. Apart from the decorations, which are rather clumsily played, Julius Katchen's performance gives a brilliant surface to the variations without injuring the classical structure of the whole. CHOPIN: Polonaise, A flat major, Op. 53; DEBUSSY: *Clair de lune*; LISZT: *Liebestraum* No. 3, A flat major (Pennario. *§CCL 7510). These old war-horses, while they do not exhibit the range of this astonishing young pianist, at least give scope to his easy technical mastery of the keyboard. The central section of *Clair de lune* is a little too loud and hasty to be quite in the picture; otherwise I have nothing but praise for the performances, which are capably recorded, although the bass is perhaps on the boomy side. PROKOFIEV: Sonatas Nos. 2 and 5 (Cornman. *§LXT 2691). Prokofiev's Second Sonata was composed in 1913, the Fifth in 1925; but in style the works are very similar—what in fiction might be described as "satirical romance." The piano writing is in every way rewarding, and Robert Cornman, an artist of whom I know nothing, clearly understands how to make the most of it. The recording, if not quite of the best quality, is very clean. LIPATTI: Sonatina for the left hand (Siki. **E 11503). An interesting and beautiful piece, which shows that in Lipatti we have lost, not only a supreme pianist, but a composer with something of his own to say. The Sonatina is generically French in style, with echoes of Bartok in the Finale. It is most cleverly written, and Bela Siki's admiration for his master is clearly present in his rendering, which is excellently recorded. GRANADOS: *The Lover and the Nightingale*; DEBUSSY: *La puerta del vino* (Arrau. LX 1550). Disappointing. This wayward romantic piece retains its poetry only if held together by a calmly sustained rhythm. Arrau's convulsive rubato is most disturbing and quite fails to achieve the eloquence at which he is evidently aiming. The Debussy Prelude is stylishly played but not very interesting. The recording deserves one star. SCHUBERT: *Ländler*, Op. 171 (Cortot. *DB 21492). This record seems to me to merit a star, not only because it is admirably recorded, but because Cortot's playing is never less than warmly musical. It must, however, be pointed out that the performance swarms with wrong notes, some of them important enough seriously to disturb the harmony. HAYDN: 8 little pieces for mechanical clocks (Jones. C 4177). The interest of these pieces is chiefly one of curiosity; but the organ arrangement—or at any rate Geraint Jone's humorous and clever registration—makes a charming effect. The recording is very good, but pleasure is removed by a distractingly heavy background hum.

Vocal. BIZET: *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*—complete opera (Soloists/Paris Philharmonic Chorus and Orch./Leibowitz. *§PLP 205. 3 discs). The exotic setting (Ceylon) of this delightful opera makes the blithely French choruses, and the "Eastern" musical phraseology, seem rather naive. Yet there is much here that is characteristic of Bizet's melodic genius—particularly in the first two acts. The Nadir of Enzo Seri has just the right heroic quality, and as Léila, Mattiwilda Dobbs, although too soubrettish and without much in the centre of her voice, manages the coloratura with agility and precision. The baritone, Jean Borthayre, has a fine voice but sings monotonously loud. The orchestra is admirably conducted—we should hardly have expected one of the high priests of the twelve-note system, René Leibowitz, to show such sympathy for this kind of music—and the recording is very well balanced. VERDI: *Don Carlo*—"Nei giardin" (Act 2) and "O don fatale" (Act 4) (Thebom. **DB 21494). In the first of these arias, with its amusing decorations *à la mauresque*, Blanche Thebom gives a splendidly characterised performance. In "O don fatale" she is somewhat inferior to Stignani, but gets a better recording; her full, rich singing throughout makes this an outstanding issue. DOWLAND: *Sorrow stay!* CAMPION: *It fell on a summer's day*; ROSSITER: *What then is love but mourning?* (Deller/Dupré (lute). **C 4178). The long, tragic "Sorrow stay!" is a very fine example of Elizabethan music, and Alfred Deller—back in his best form—gives a deeply felt account of it. The haunting melody of the Rossiter song is no less well suited to his admirable artistry, and the recording is excellent. MOZART: *Il rè pastore*—"L'amerò" (Berger. DB 21495). Feebly sung, in German, with a piano accompaniment, and not particularly well recorded, this disc cannot hold a candle to the admirable Schwarzkopf version (*LX 1096). Also recommended: Two traditional songs from Catalonia and the Basque Provinces (De los Angeles. *DA 1977).

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,171

Set by G. de Vavasour

An entry in a Reader's Handbook of the last century runs:

Eyre (*Jane*): a governess, who stoutly copes with adverse circumstances, and ultimately marries a used-up man of fortune in whom the germs of good feeling and sound sense were only exhausted, not destroyed.

Prizes are offered for an entry in such a Handbook, summing up, in not more than 80 words, one of the following works: *Orlando*, *The Way of All Flesh*, *Ulysses*, *Crime and Punishment*, *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*, *Antic Hay*, *The Man Who Was Thursday*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Entries by August 12.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,168

Set by Guy Walsingham

Competitors are invited to write a descriptive note on the appearance, habits, habitat and so on, with directions for cultivation or rearing, of any one of the following: the Jersey Lily, the Dumb Ox of Sicily, the Swan of Avon, the Little Flower, the Serpent of Old Nile, the Lion of the North, or the Viper of Milan. Limit 150 words.

Report by Guy Walsingham

No one took liberties with the Dumb Ox, nor did any attempt the Lion of the North, except one competitor who took him to be the rampant creature on the Scottish standard, and not Gustavus Adolphus. Piety, or nice feelings, kept most investigators off the Lisieux Little Flower; "grows profusely on uncultivated soil" (Little Audrey) was the only sharp definition. Others, however, remembered the New York variety: "Like other Mayoricaical plants, Fiorellus La Guarditus was kept completely in the dark but this etiolation process soon proved to be unsuccessful. Also the generally accepted practice of grafting was no longer found to be effective" (M. Raskind). Hon. mention to Allan Laing, who warned would-be fanciers of the Jersey Lily that "though a lovely and exciting bloom, it is not recommended for cultivation by amateur gardeners"; to A. D. R. Maude, who punned away shockingly on the Swan: "Mating habits—the compound for its merry wives is divided into several parts and is called a hen'ry" and to L. V. Beharrell, who noted that the bird is "often reported seen east of the Elbe (Warsaw and Moscow recently) but this is much more likely to be *cygnus dialecticus* which, like *cygnus celluloidus* frequently reported in the Leicester Square district, bears little resemblance to *cygnus avonus* on closer examination." Two guineas each to D. H. Cushing, and to G. F. C. who catches the authentic note of a Victorian translation of Dante. A guinea to Adam, and half-a-guinea each to Joyce Johnson and Guy Kendall.

SERPENT OF OLD NILE
Cleopatra nilotica

Description: All beggared. Variation infinite.

Habitat: Bed of Ptolemy.

Food: Delicious poison; moody music; mandragora.

Courtship behaviour: Commanded by poor passion; turns black with amorous pinches; wrangles; blessed by priests when riggish; provokes hunger when most satisfactory.

Territorial behaviour: Yields sails (where swallows build their nests) and sells mate to a young Roman boy. Mate dies, vanquished by the Roman.

Vicarium notes: Breed from mud by the sun (like the crocodile); crop on ploughing, making a morsel

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for a monarch ; age does not wither it because it has immortal longings.

Ray relates the following instance of the powerful effects of its venom : " a general poisoned by this serpent became a dragonish cloud, a towered citadel, a pendent rock, a forked mountain and a blue promontory."

D. H. CUSHING

THE VIPER OF MILAN

(*Purgatorio* VIII, 79-81)

" Brother," said he, " the Viper of Milan
Is kin to that which tempted Eve to pluck
The apple whence our miseries began.
Though spawned in Pisan filth and Frankish muck,
On softest flesh, forsooth, it sates its lust,
And daintiest paps must give its bastards suck.
Grovelling upon its belly in the dust,
It rears its forked tongue to deal the bite
Whose venom perjures truth and poisons trust.
It skulks with factious Guelfs, both Black and White,
And faithless Ghibellines, and all who mock
At Peter's chair or scoff at Cæsar's right.
But when the tombs are rent with earthquake shock,
Its hissing tribe shall flee the Judge's scorn,
While, crowing in the skies, Gallura's cock
Shall usher in the Resurrection morn."

G. F. C.

THE SWAN OF AVON

This Bird, or Bard as he is sometimes called, is red except for a few dull patches. His Beak is Shallow (some say he bores with this) and his Feet iambic. He indulges in Flights of Fancy all the year round, his open-air Performances in the Summer displaying various Characters in the Wings, as well as his comical Bottom. His Winter's Tail is most interesting, it exceeds even a Lamb's Tail in length and contains, not surprisingly, portions of Rime, due, perhaps, to his inability to skate over Thin Ice.

A Blessed Plot is necesary for the rearing of this Happy Breed, but during Twelfth Night look out for Aguecheek, accompanied by a Belch.

It is to be hoped that these Few Particulars are enough to give the Lie to those who still maintain that the Swan of Avon is but a Pig in Disguise.

JOYCE JOHNSON

This is a famous species of the sub-genus *olor mortiscarminalis*, preserved in a midland swannery near the hamlet of Irvingtree. It is externally distinguished from other species by a small spot of learning, though this is not invariably found. But the outstanding characteristic is that it chews the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, a quite unique feature in any of the bird kingdom. The female is dark in colour and is easily trained to ring a bell (called sennet, or sonnet) when hungry. It must be admitted that there is a considerable question as to the being or not-being of this species. Some zoologists have cast doubt on its separate identity, asserting that it is a divergent form of *Baconius pseudo-Shakespeariensis*. But naturalists claim to have heard its swan-song, which, they say, is especially noticeable in a tempest. Its identity with *Alterego Shaviensis* is now generally repudiated.

GUY KENDALL

JERSEY LILY

This handsome exotic (*lilium appassionatum Edwardii*) with its slender stem and voluptuous upper part, creamy texture and alluring scent, is a great favourite.

It will grow almost anywhere, but is most at home in a really rich soil. Is inclined, however, to wilt unless early transplanted to the front row and subsequently singled out for special attention. Show specimens demand liberal applications of champagne (*see* Lady's Slipper) and patchouli (well known as a Ouida-killer).

Nocturnal in habit, this uncrowned queen of the bed is seen to best advantage by limelight. A noble, nay, a royal bloomer.

ADAM

CHESS : Whodunit ?

No. 148

Perhaps I had better ask : Who was done out of what ? For while, at first glance, **A** seems to be the simplest problem I have ever offered and a fairly safe draw, there is a story behind it ; a proper chess player may well call it a naughty story, for have we not all been taught at teacher's knee that we must never, never take a move back ? Well, here White made the last move, but takes it back, and Black, too, takes his last move back and makes another one which allows White to mate him forthwith. For unravelling this shockingly irregular transaction competitors can earn 5 ladder-points ; rather more easily, I suppose, than the same sum offered for **B**. There is no misprint here, and every one of the three knights is needed to bring about the desired mate in 4. This piece, incidentally, is based on an idea of S. Loyd's. As for **C** (by L. Löwy), I can save the space for a diagram because White has only his K. Black, apart from his K, has the Q, a R, a B, and four pawns. The problem is so to arraign this material as to give White a chance of forcing a draw. Since it must be easy enough to construct a position with White stalemated on the move, an extra 3 points for this would seem to be rather more generous rating than the 5 points offered for a draw achieved by methods other than stalemate. **D** is a 6-mover to provide yet another 5 points towards the grand total of 40 ladder-points which have come to be almost traditional in a bank-holiday number. But I will make things easier still by adding a hint. While normally a problem composer would shun a check (particularly in the key-move) it so happens that in this problem every one of White's six and Black's five moves is a check.

A: Author Unknown

B: P. Willmann 1950

D: H.F.L. Meyer 1928

E: A. Wotava 1951

F: V. Bron 1948

After so much frivolity and midsummer madness our more seriously minded competitors should welcome a couple of sound and honest endgame-studies ; and if they are to be rated 8 and 9 points respectively, they should be quite difficult too. Yet, though **E**—White to win—is not exactly easy, it is a sufficiently clearcut and straightforward proposition to be quite tractable even for less-experienced competitors. (I would not rate it more than 6 or 7 points in a non-holiday number.) As for **F**, though—White to win—this may well cause a minor headache even for our cracks.

Usual prizes. Entries by August 11.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 12

A : (1) P-R7, R-R3, (2) K-Kt5, K-Kt6, (3) K-B5, K-B6, (4) K-Q5, K-Q6, (5) K-K5, K-K6, (6) K-B5, K-B6, (7) R-K8+ RxP, (8) K-K16 ch, etc.

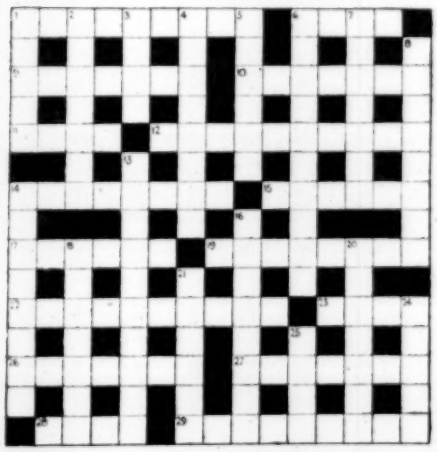
B : (1) R-B2 ch, K-Q2, (2) P-Kt4, R-Kt1, (3) R-K2, R-QB1 (QR4), (4) R-K8+ RxR, (5) P-R7, etc.
if (2) . . . R-QR4, (3) R-QB8! etc. ;
if (2) . . . RxP, (3) R-B4, etc.

C : 1) BPxP, K-Kt3 (best), (2) PxRP, KxK, (3) P-R7, R-KR4 ch, (4) K-Kt7, R-Kt4 ch, (5) K-B7, R-B4 ch, (6) K-K7, RxP ch, (7) K-Q7 ch, R-Q4 ch, (8) K-B7, R-B4 ch, (9) K-Kt7, R-Kt4 ch, (10) K-B6, R-Kt3 ch, (11) K-B5, R-QR3, (12) PxP mate.
if (11) . . . R-Kt4 ch, (12) K-B4, and the RP cannot be stopped.

Though none of these pieces was exactly easy, surprisingly many competitors sent in flawless solutions, others dropping merely a point or two. Prizes shared by J. Ansell, E. W. Carmichael, G. E. Fisher, L. S. Kennion, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 7



ACROSS

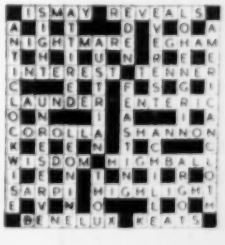
1. Tourist spot for walks mainly (9).
6. Egyptian Christian (4).
9. Everything takes place behind the county school (7).
10. Scott wrote about his daughter (7).
11. Fare provided for Pistol (4).
12. Senses where disorder exists within (10).
14. This clue may tease in one way, although it is a simple proposition (4, 4).
15. Was powerless in the air (6).
17. Sit in sixes on social occasions (6).
19. Port dues began to grow (8).
22. County artist (10).
23. Imitated (4).
26. Used to drain cricket fields ? (7).
27. Sick in charge it follows is against the law (7).
28. Soft clothes for a self-satisfied person (4).
29. The team goes slow (9).

DOWN

1. Poet's idea of a good time in England (5).
2. They are responsible for concealed lighting (7).
3. Enthusiasm (4).
4. Abuse (8).
5. Time for a teaser (6).
6. Place in Surrey seems to be mainly a park (10).
7. To stake a claim like Charles Edward (7).
8. Description of both 1 across and 29 ? (8).
13. To compose poetry about a subject gives one only a superficial knowledge of it (10).
14. Contemplate vines broken with the years (8).
16. Belongs to the unprejudiced (4, 4).
18. Has he emigrated because a Yorkshire town is not quite enough for him ? (7).
20. The Capitol is in the news (7).
21. A slab is broken and the road is up (6).
24. If you make these with a man, they are commands (5).
25. A movement which is loud at the beginning and then becomes soft (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 6



APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the Applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

H.M. Inspectors of Taxes. The Civil Service Commissioners announce a special Open Competition for about 50 posts of H.M. Inspector of Taxes in the Inland Revenue Department. Selection by interview in London. Candidates must be at least 21 and under 28 on August 1, 1952, and must have a whole-time University degree with First- or Second-Class Honours, in any subject. Interviews will begin in September. Thereafter, candidates will be interviewed as soon as possible after their applications are received. Each candidate will be told the result soon after the interview. Entries may be accepted up to November 15, but an earlier closing date may have to be fixed. Inclusive starting salary approximately £465 in London (£419 in the Provinces) and rather more for candidates who have completed their National Service. Prospects of rising to £1,575 and above. Full details and application forms from the Sec., Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gdns, London, W.1, quoting No. 228/52.

B.B.C. requires Drama Organiser in Television Service to be responsible to Head of Drama (Television) for all business and programme administrative matters connected with Department's output and in absence of Head of Department to act on his behalf in these fields. Duties include contact with producers on day-to-day finance and production facility problems, supervision of financial cost of individual programmes, co-ordinating film sequence, studio rehearsal, transmission, design and supply and wardrobe requirements, routine administrative matters, assistance in answering correspondence dealing with programme suggestions or criticisms. Essential qualifications include experience of administration, knowledge of legitimate theatre, aptitude for detail and for sympathetic handling of staff, ability to interpret and implement regulations and policy directives. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to £1,150 p.a. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "D.O. Tel. N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Publicity Officer, Wales. Duties include assembling publicity material and its dissemination to the Press and B.B.C. publications, handling enquiries and listeners' correspondence about the B.B.C., liaison with the Press, preparation of pamphlets, writing and lecturing on B.B.C. and organising Radio Exhibitions. Qualifications required: journalistic experience, thorough knowledge of Welsh language, familiarity with history, life and affairs of Wales. Some experience of broadcasting would be an asset. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.O. Wales. N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose s.a. env.

B.B.C. requires Sub-Editors in Foreign Services News Department. Requirements include: good knowledge of international affairs, ability to select and write news clearly and concisely for foreign audiences and either experience in handling tapes or special knowledge of one of the following areas: East & Central Europe, Middle East, Far East, Latin America. Candidates who combine journalistic qualifications with knowledge of international affairs preferred. Knowledge of foreign languages would be an advantage. Duties involve shift work. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "F.S.N.D. N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

HORACE Plunkett Foundation. Applications invited for post of Assistant Secretary and Assistant Editor Year Book of Agricultural Co-operation. Man or woman under 35. University degree and modern languages desirable. Initial salary £500 p.a. Applications in writing before August 11 to Secretary, 10 Doughty St., London, W.C.1.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureaux workers wanted by Family Welfare Association in their Central London Bureaux. Applicants should have Social Science Diploma or similar qualification and must be between 25 and 45. Six months' training given. Salary £350—£450. Application should be made to Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

WHY Not Be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200-£225 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Why not write now to the Matron, The Southern Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars of vacancies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE International Labour Office invites applications from men and women between 23 and 35 years for a post of Member of Division in the Manpower Division of the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland. Qualifications required: (1) Nationality United Kingdom. (2) University degree or the equivalent in experience. (3) Mother tongue: English; good knowledge of French or Spanish. (4) Comprehensive knowledge and practical experience of employment service administration and operation. For further particulars and application forms apply, enclosing stamped, addressed foolscap envelope, to the International Labour Office, 18/19, Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. The closing date for the receipt in this office of completed application forms is September 15, 1952.

APPLICATIONS for training for employment as Probation Officers can be considered from British subjects between 21 and 40 years of age, who have a University Certificate in Social Science or equivalent qualifications. Candidates without such a qualification can be considered if they have had a sound education, which will enable them to benefit from a course of study at a University and some practical experience in the field of social service. Special arrangements may be made for university students who are accepted for training following graduation. Applications can also be considered from persons over the age of 40 who are exceptionally qualified by experience for this training. Particulars of allowance payable during training and forms of application can be obtained from the Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. This advertisement should be mentioned.

THE National Association for Mental Health, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. (Approved School for 25 Senior Girls.) Duncroft is an Approved School for Adolescent Girls committed by the Courts and in need of psychiatric treatment. An Educational Psychologist is required as from September 1st, 1952, for 3 sessions weekly at 2 guineas per session. Applicants should possess an honours degree in psychology, also, if possible, a child guidance training. They should have some teaching experience and have worked with adolescent girls. Research into the results of treatments over the past three years will be an important part of the Psychologist's work. Applications to the Correspondent, Duncroft, 39, Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

THE Magdalen Hospital Classifying School for Girls, Drewstead Road, Streatham, S.W.16. (Within the Home Office Approved School system.) Hostel is run on the house system. 12 girls in each group. The Managers invite applications for the post of (1) Resident Housemistress, who will be responsible for the recreational activities of the 14-15 age group. It is essential that applicant will be interested in the problems of the delinquent adolescent, and have had experience in handling this particular group. Applications are also invited for the post of (2) Resident Relief Housemistress for the 15-17 age group. Girls remain in the Classifying School for a period for observation, when assessment is made of their abilities and aptitudes before they are passed on to a suitable Training School. Salary according to Home Office scale, with qualifications commencing £385, unqualified commencing £290 plus London allowance in both cases, less £78 for board residence. Apply with full particulars to the Headmistress.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. The Committee is shortly opening a new Hostel with accommodation for 24 working boys, and invites applications for the appointment of a Male Resident Supervisor. Duties will be to assist the Superintendent and Matron in all matters affecting the care of the boys. Special qualifications are not essential although it is desirable that applicants should have attended a Course in Child Care or have had previous experience in a similar hostel. A single, comfortably furnished bed-sitting room will be available for the successful applicant. Salary scale £280 × £12—£340 per annum, less a deduction of £78 per annum for residential emoluments provided. The post is pensionable and subject to a satisfactory medical examination. There will be a possibility of the payment of an extraneous duty allowance up to a maximum of £104 per annum when the Hostel has become established. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

A VACANCY exists in the Press and Publicity Department of the Labour Party for a Journalist Assistant. Membership of the National Union of Journalists and the Labour Party is essential. The duties will include editorship of Socialist Advance, the League of Youth monthly. Application form, to be returned not later than August 15, 1952, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in London. Permanent, up to £8, temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RESIDENT Assistant Housemothers required by L.C.C. at schools (generally in country) for backward or maladjusted children. Wages £5 15s. less 29s. for board, etc. Duties incl. supervising group of children and their recreation in out-of-school hours, care of clothing, assistance in preparing meals and other domestic duties in homes. Knowledge craft work advantage. Appl. form from Education Officer, EO. Estab. 6. 258 N. County Hall, London, S.E.1. (Exempted employment.)

WARDEN. Holiday House (Nr. Birmingham) for young people, responsible for administration and some social activities. Knowledge of Booking, Accounting, Stock-keeping and Food Returns. Applications invited from single man or woman, or married couple; to start any time between Sept. and Jan. 1, 1953. Replies by Aug. 20. Box 2609.

BRENTWOOD Recuperative Centre: resident assist. warden reqd. Applicant must be interested in social work with mothers and children and able to take responsibility. Apply Warden, Brentwood, Marple, Cheshire.

FROEBEL teacher required in progressive (recognised) day school (4 to 11 years) in N. Cornwall. Interview London August 13. Apply immediately. Box 2699.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Required September in small boys' school, resident mistress for Latin and French, Common Entrance Exam., some supervision, willing share responsibility for domestic arrangements, suit widow with son. Box 2734.

PERSONAL secretary wanted by surgeon and author. Work to include attendance at operating sessions and clinics, compilation of case records, interviewing of patients. Suitable position for woman of initiative and organising ability. Previous medical experience an asset. Manchester district. Box 2698.

SECRETARY Shorthand-typist reqd. by City business firm. Accom. and salary offered. Mod. flat, West-end block. Must be prepared to help. A. T. Smith, 421 Parkwest, W.2. Pad. 5525 evgs. 6.30-7.30.

SECRETARY Shorthand Typists reqd. by progressive, rapidly expanding Chemical Manufacturing Company, situated in West Cumberland within easy reach of the most attractive Dales of the Lake District. Applicants must be well educated and possess good secretarial experience. Commencing salaries according to age and qualifications. Please write stating age and full particulars to Personnel Officer, Box 2652.

IRVING Galleries require young educated typist, good handwriting and figures. Salary £4. 17 Irving Street, W.C.2.

OWNER of small, modern s/c flat (furnished), larger cottage, and land, invites co-operation from active middle-aged couple who enjoy country life and would be willing to (1) cook for household of three in return for small wage and flat rent free; (2) help (part time or full time) develop land as small holding for mutual benefit. Cottage needs considerable handyman renovation and thereafter could be occupied as priv. resid. without cooking obligation. Chelmsford 5 miles. Box 2731.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MAN, 40, excellent education, personality, appearance, desires congenial employment, permanency. Administrative ability, tact and initiative. Would make competent secretary companion organiser to cultured person. Alternatively could assist running small cafe, club or business, or any sort of welfare work. Hard worker, no ties, willing go anywhere home abroad. Remun. by arrangement. Anything considered. Box 2612.

PIANIST, L.R.A.M., F., young, experienced stenographer, seeks interesting lucrative position, part-time considered. Box 2626.

AGRICULTURIST, 30, married, life-long connections, 12 years' practical experience all branches, desires responsible post combining farming and social service work. Actively interested rural social activities. Suggestions welcome. Box 2576.

BACHELOR Clerk Secretary, 36, (Grammar School Education), expd. feature column writer, seeks opening literary, secretarial, press public relations. Box 2620.

INDIAN Econs. Grad., 25, expd. Sh. Typ. Correspondence, Office Management, sks. employment with prospects. Box 2583.

YOUNG man, B.A., Honours, energetic, hard worker, presentable, French German, seeks position with scope. Every offer considered. Box 2730.

MONEY comes 2nd—but please offer open-air job to young grad. now in neurotic atmosphere City after 8 months demob. All offers welcomed. Box 2676.

YOUNG Art graduate seeks part-time work, 2, 3 days a week. Scrupulous, conscientious. Box 2506.

SELF-TRAINED artist, interested free expression for children and therapeutic value of art, expd. hand-made pottery, seeks post in progressive school cultural centre. Box 2665.

TWO young women, intelligent, educated, wishing to study, want employment for either or both in country district; pref. part-time, but not seasonal. Expd. shorthand-typing, clerical, P.A.Y.E., welfare. Excellent refs. Box 2675.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

INTELLIGENT woman, 40, interested in sociology, history, politics, economics and the arts, able to organise, to work on own initiative or as member of team, to take dictation direct on to typewriter, used to committee work, to research and indexing, shorthand typist, able to conduct correspondence, seeks post. Useful and interesting work more important than large salary. Box 2544.

VERSATILE, well-educated man (31), musical, literary and scientific background, editorial experience, wide interests including Zen Buddhism and Spanish guitar, has post with good salary, but requires more interesting work. Box 2719.

EXPD. Matron would enjoy running small hostel home or similar work in London, perhaps starting new one, pref. men and women. Can furn. own bed-sit. rm. Box 2469.

CULTURED, responsible woman, experienced bookseller, wide knowledge of Art, fluent French and German, requires congenial employment. London. Box 2683.

FORMER Editor "Books of Today" seeks literary/typographical work. Box 2464.

BUSINESS woman sks. interesting work. Wide general exp. Gd. organse. Accustomed responsibility. Suggestions? Box 2608.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHO are these men who have changed the face of the East? Read "China's Red Leaders," Robert Elegant's brilliant, authoritative book, illustrated with portraits. 16s. post free, from Jason Bookshop, 84 Lower Clapton Road, E.5.

ADD "Voices of the Opera" to your bookshelves. The Opera-lover's companion, 3s. 6d. fr. bkstalls or "Music Parade" bel.w.

CURRENT "Music Parade" contains illustrated articles on "The Use of Tape Recorders," "Festival Ballet," "National Youth Orchestra," "Musicians in the Stamp Album," etc. 1s. from bookstalls or 4 Fellows Road, N.W.3.

"POETRY and Poverty," a quarterly magazine of verse and criticism is now on sale at most bookshops or direct from 28A Belsize Square, N.W.3 at 2s. Contributors include Herbert Read, Jacques Prevert, Paul Dehn, Kathleen Raine, Lynette Roberts, Lawrence Durrell, Michael Hamburger, Clifford Dyment, Heath Stubbs, Peter Viereck.

"THE Music Review," the progressive British musical quarterly, now in its 13th year; February, May, August and November; editor, Geoffrey Sharp. Single copies (80 or more pages), 12s. 6d. net, postage 4d.; annual subscription £2 2s., post free, from the Publishers, W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge. Prospectus on request, or send 6s. for specimen.

WATCH out for "Now" on the bookstalls soon. A Gordon Press Publication, 11, Petherton Rd., N.5.

"SOCIETY and the Homosexual," by Gordon Westwood. Plain common sense—the problem in perspective. 10s. will bring your post-free copy from Bergolt Books, 109 High St., Banstead, Surrey.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s. Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111, Buchanan St., Blackpool.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace," 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

"VEDANTA for East & West," bi-monthly. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interests. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, N.W.2.

WANTED: books by Kautsky, Bukharin, Lenz, Pokrovsky, Trotsky, Steklov, Borkenau; selected L.B.C. titles: list from The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS wanted. We are buyers of any quantity of books by esteemed authors or of scholarly value. Standard History & Theological works particularly required. The Book House, Hitchin, Herts.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 28a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

READERS' MARKET

FOR SALE: Keesing's Archives, 1948-52, bound, £12; lively, intelligent Siamese kittens (seal-point), excellent pedigree, 3gns. each.

WANTED: "Love, Hate and Reparation," Klein & Riviere (pub. Hogarth); "Universities Quarterly," past issues; Rosenberg: History Bolshevism; Handbook of Marxism.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, Lon.don, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

PERSONAL

PROFESSIONAL man, obliged reside London Mondays to Fridays, seeks unwanted unfurnished attic (no food or service) in friendly household in or near Town; help with chores, experienced baby-sitting and nominal rent offered. Box 2430.

SWISS grad. (male), 24, wishes English home or private school from now until mid-October; will teach German/French, or as handyman, in exch. for keep. S. Parren, du Parc Hotel Pension, Zermatt, Switzerland.

HARPSICHORDIST with instrument urgently wanted by the "Collegiate Consort"; also violists and lutenists in area—please write Mrs. M. Walter, 11 Collegiate Crescent, Sheffield, 10.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' Week, August 23-30, within Seaford house party, Sussex. Instruction and guidance by well-known photographer. Details on application: Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

HOMELESS piano-owner seeks reliable temporary home for Max Kleng Baby Grand. Box 2618.

YOUNG man, 23 (Jewish), sks. companions (m.) for Italian holiday Aug. 29-Sept. 12. Limited budget. Tel. SPE. 0768 evg. only.

WELL-LIT office, suit commercial artist, 318 sq. ft., rent £150 p.a. Near Chancery Lane Station. Write Box 2717.

PAINTER offers 6gns. per week for board and lodging and painting space in country, where model available. T.U. rates for model. (August.) Box 2643.

MOTORIST, 35, m., sks. companion/s (m.) 14-day hol. abroad. Sept 15. Box 2516.

YNG. man reqs. seat S. France. Gladly contrib. petrol. Congen. comp. Box 2707.

ANY room in small mixed party (English/Continental) for sympathetic man holidaying Switzerland early Sept.? Box 2685.

AVAILABLE, 2 seats large sports-car from Gibraltar or Seville to London or Paris, start approx. Oct. 8, arr. London Oct. 20. Mileage-rate &fird. payable sterlg. Box 2589.

ENGLISHMAN (36) wants French conversational exchange in London. Box 2575.

ECCLES. 4-berth caravan, 1st-class condition, for sale with secluded Chiltern site to lovers of privacy. Box 2518.

HANDWRITING analysis. Send age, sex, 50 words. 5s. P.O. S.A.E. Box 2500.

YOUNG woman wants holiday companion (f.) end Aug. or Sept. Abroad pref. Willing share costs motoring trip. Box 2640.

COOK evg. and week-end meals, baby-sit, or light domestic duties in exch. for cheap accom. for self and daughter, age 8. Box 2642.

FRENCH Swiss girl reqd. October 1 for care of children. Ample free time. Live as family. Box 2617.

GENTLEMAN gives Hindi lessons; easy, interesting. Moderate fees. Box 2610.

STORY, article, etc., writing. Well-known author-journalist can accept few private postal pupils. Moderate fees. Box 2604.

YOUNG Engineer sks. place car tour Continent. Aug./Sept. Drives. Box 2603.

CAMB. medical student seeks job mid-Aug.-mid-Sept. Enjoys driving. Box 2578.

1950 Swiss caravan for sale, 14ft., 3/4-berth. Water tank, flr. bath, excel. oak furniture. £250. Will deliver. Box 2735.

ADVERTISERS wish to contact good psychoanalyst, pref. in Oxford. Box 2669.

SOCIAL worker (m.) sks. interesting work mid-Aug. to end Sept. Box 2703.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D.191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

LAST Minute Continental Holidays smoothly and expeditiously arranged by air or surface routes. For urgent bookings ring or call if possible; for brochure of suggestions write to Dept. NS, Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1.

AUTUMN Holidays on the Canals. Vacancies from Sept. 6. Leaflet from Waterborne Tours, BCM/Canals, London, W.C.1.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

GUITAR lessons. Technique, Theory, Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

HEALTH treatment, electro-therapy and massage. Qualified practitioners. 18 Basing Hill, Golders Grn., N.W.11. SPE. 1491.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Pinwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

JOIN Austrian tour, incldg. 3 days' coach tour to Vienna, Aug. 16-30. £34. E.L.B. Tours, 134 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

"THE Art of Seeing"—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

PERSONAL—continued

CHILDREN'S Officer would be pleased to hear from family preferably in country area, interested in possibility of fostering healthy 9-year-old girl recently committed to her care. The child is spirited and highly intelligent, though scholastically backward, owing to almost complete lack of settled home life. Further particulars from: The Children's Officer, 26 The Butts, Worcester.

SWISS Holiday. Join an informal party of young professional people going Lake of Thun August 8–20. Bathing, sailing, walking in Bernese Oberland, similar party Kandersteg August 22 to September 5. Cost, including teas, £34. Spending money £12. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

MEDITERRANEAN holiday. The finest opportunity in Autumn travel. Four weeks abroad, visiting Venice, Athens, Alexandria, Port Said, Syria, Cyprus, Turkey and the Dodecanese. Only £5 deducted from your currency allowance. Departures on October 18, then monthly through the winter. Cost only £80 inclusive. Organised by Ramblers (see below).

ITALY in October. A late tour to Rome, Florence, Verona, Venice, costing £41 absolutely all-inclusive from London back to London, for a 16-day holiday. Write to Ramblers (see below) for detailed programme.

ENERGETIC Autumn holidays. Walking tours and mountain centre holidays, either independently or with a party. Austria, the Savoy Alps, Naples and the Sorrento Peninsula, Bernese Oberland, Provence and the Riviera &c. Planned by Ramblers (see below).

YUGOSLAVIA is at its best in Autumn. Write for details of holidays there to Ramblers Association Services, 48a Park Rd., London, N.W.1.

IT pays to FLy there! Get there with personal service. Business or pleasure—it's a pleasure! Enquiries receive immediate attention through: Robert Whitaker (Travel), Ltd., 10 Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1. GROsvenor 7108.

LAST minute Continental Holidays not arranged for the masses but individually for you. 10 days in Spain from £26 19s. 6d.; Italy £25 19s. 6d.; France £18 10s. 6d.; 7 days in Paris from £11 15s. Write or 'phone Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 4114/5.

BOYS' and Girls' summer holidays arranged by Mr. C. Racker since 1949. This year at Hurn Court, near Bournemouth. Prospectus: 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

ROOMS expertly decorated from £3. Also inexpensive removals. Pri. 0312.

MATHS., personal tuition by post. S. Bacon, B.Sc., 136 Coombe Rd., Salisbury.

WRITERS not represented abroad are invited to submit details (not MSS) of published, broadcast or televised material to Box 2714.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

ART. Take up Water Colour. Six famous Artists teach you by post. The course is a sheer joy, easy, inexpensive. Pupils exhibit in Royal Academy, etc. Illustrated prospectus free. Press Art School, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.9), Tudor Hall, S.E.23.

THE Western Buddhist Order invites enquiries from those interested in the Teaching of the Buddha. Please write BM/DHARMA, London, W.C.1.

SPANISH Guitar tuition in Segovia method by Len Williams. Classical/Flamenco/Spanish music. Solo or voice accomp. Cses. for beginners. Free booklet. Spanish Guitar Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

MASSAGE, Manipulation, Osteopathy. Relaxing and stimulating therapies for Nervous Conditions. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel.: Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue N.4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

WRITE about "You" and increase your income. Send for Free N3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales-No Fees Tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1/gns. evg. WHI. 3678.

WELL-KNOWN Artists' Agents wish to represent established and new writers of long and short fiction, non-fiction and specialised material. Artist Partners Ltd. (Literary Section), 9 Lower John St., London, W.1. GERard 1157.

PERSONAL—continued

THE Ox on the Roof, 153 King's Road, Chelsea, will be closed from August 10. Re-opening September 2.

PROBLEM Plays reqd. by Irving Theatre Reading fee 10s. 6d. 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

JUGOSLAV Holidays: Departure every Sat. 16 days £26 to £29 incl. Holiday Friendship Service, 445 Strand. Send S.A.E.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

EXETER, Capital of Devon. The Ideal Centre for Touring Glorious Devon. Served by the Southern and Western Regions of British Railways. Motor Coach Companies operate throughout the district. Brochure (Postage 2d.). Official Guide "A" (Post free 1s. 3d.), from Information Bureau, Exeter.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A friendly & comfortable country house in secluded grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Approved. 7½-8½gns. Tel. 3155.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. Country house possessing every modern amenity, situated in 12 acres gardens, overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. Details and photos from Box 2445.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel—33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 7-9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1944.

COTSWOLD valley welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country, home-grown produce. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

CORNWALL. Trebarrock Manor & Farm. Jersey herd. Reserve now for September, October and November, when surf-bathing excellent, and "Indian Summer" weather lovely. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excel. cuisine, all comforts gtd. Port Isaac 214.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

SMALL, modern hotel, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

RYE (near). Paying guests welcomed country cottage. 5 miles from sea. Farm produce, mod. cons. Some vacancies now and Aug. James, The Mill, Iden. Tel. Iden 205.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 344.

RYE. The Hope Anchor Hotel. A.A. appointed, licensed. Superb posn.; ideal for holidays. New management. Rye 2216.

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HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. Comf., good food, friendly atmosphere. Sun lounge, putting, badminton, tennis. 10 acres lovely grounds. 5½gns. Baldslow 264.

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SOCIALIST hotel for Socialist guests. Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. Tel. Hastings 4571.

WEEKENDERS want it. Fortnighters too. Droppers-in want it—so do you! Little Guide to Village Inns & Farms, 2s. 6d. post 2d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

LONDON Hotels? Use HOTAC, the time and money saving Hotel Accom. Service, 93 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

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EDINBURGH. West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., 3. CEN. 4871.

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CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea, h. & c. bedrms. Farm produce. Excel. food. Mod. terms.

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SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Driving facilities, hot baths, good food, £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

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SCHOOLS

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PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.); Sat., Sun., 5 & 8. "In Chancery." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last weeks "Barrier Across Europe." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems. (Subscription 2s. 6d. p.a.).

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30, Sun. 6.0. A Spanish Play, "Dona Clarines," by Quintero Bros. Mems. 5s. year.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun. 9.0. "Just Lately," an intimate late-night Revue. Membership 5s. year.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3311, Sun., Aug. 3, 7.30. "La Citta Si Difende" (A. Ital.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 20. Tkts., 4s. to 8s. 6d. (rez.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s., available nightly at doors only.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

YOUNG Painters of the Ecole de Paris. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till August 16. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. Open Aug. 4.

YUGOSLAV Art Photography. Exhibition at the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, W.1. July 16-August 15. 10.30 a.m.—5.30 p.m. Adm. free.

TWENTIETH Century Masterpieces. Arts Council Exhibition, The Tate Gallery. Open till August 17, Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. "Names to Remember."

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays.

CHARLES Keene. An exhibition of drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till August 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free. Open August 4.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St. Contemporary French Primitives, Vivin, Bombois, Bauchant &c. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Annual Review of Works by Artists from the Gallery.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Hunterian Collection lent by the University, Glasgow. Adm. free. Weds. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition, English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes August 31.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

GRAHAM Robertson and Others. Retrospective Exhibition, until August 30, at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise (20th year) at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until August 7.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WEST Indians! It's August 1st! Celebrate the Emancipation of Slavery. Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, S.W.2. Rev. E. A. D. Woodlands will preface Paul Robeson's film "Native Land," 7.30 p.m. Caribbean Labour Congress (London Branch).

ALL Nations Social Club. "Is the Human Race Progressing or Retrogressing?" by Mrs. Doris Groves, Chairman Theosophical Society. Thursday, August 7, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. August 9 at 6 p.m. Mr. D. Asli: "Wit and Humour."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2. 5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn. All welcome. August 3: "Theosophy's Teaching on The Purpose of Life."

TO all Labour Parties: Abingdon Constituency Labour Party will hold their Annual Fete and Rally at Buscot Park, Faringdon, on Monday, Aug. 4 (by kind permission of Lord Faringdon). Reserve this date for a day out for your members. For further details apply Agent, 27 High Street, Abingdon, Berks.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides comprehensive secretarial and finishing courses with languages and current affairs. Resident and day students; canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Early vacancies. Autumn courses now enrolling. Prospectus—Principal, 18 Duntraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 2904/5.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W.1. Preliminary Professional and University Entrance Department. The courses provide both day and evening classes for the General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken for the Advanced Level: English Literature, French, Latin (evening only), mathematics, history and geography. There are courses for students over 25 years of age and for professional preliminary examinations and the Civil Service Executive (both Open & Competitive and Limited) examinations. Session 1952-3 begins on September 16, 1952. Evening Classes begin on September 22, 1952. Enrolment for evening classes: September 15, 5-8 p.m.: Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-1805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; or private lessons, beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 61 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8581-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificates; short or long Courses; enrolment daily; Prospectus free.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

PROGRESSIVE League Summer Conference at Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sussex. Sat. Aug. 16-23. Lectures include: Edward Hyams, Julian Duguid, Dr. C. E. M. Joad (provisional), Philip Keeler, Naomi Lewis, Peter Reid. Recreations: Music and Poetry, Painting Group. Excursions, Tennis, Ballroom and Country Dancing. Fees: Members £6; Non-Members £6 5s. Apply Conference Organiser (private) 162 Woodstock Park, London, S.E.9 (ELT. 1761) for programme.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Sensory Summer School, Aug. 15-29. Freedom and the discipline of reality: the choice between illusory freedom in fantasy, and real creative freedom within the limits of attainable experience. Experimental Painting, Modelling, Music, Dance and Drama will form part of the School's activities. Full prog. from Secy.

THE Nigeria Union. Summer School on "Self Govt. for Nigeria." Ruskin College, Oxford, Aug. 9-16, 1952. Cost £5 5s. (Nigerians will be subsidised). Particulars: Apply The President, 195, Harrow Rd., W.2.

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1952: 2-9: Hope, Derbyshire; 9-16: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking; 16-23: Kingsgate College, Broadstairs; 23-30: Frensham Heights, Farnham. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

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KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rooms. Personal attention. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Other meals optional.

ATTRACTIVELY furnished room to let from September, professional woman, preferably academic or social worker; rent moderate, house quiet, edge Hampstead Heath. Share big kitchen. Box 2706.

WELL-FURNISHED room, Hampstead, quiet, clean. Service, breakfast, linen. Ring after 7 p.m. PRImrose 3855.

LARGE room nicely furnished, with breakfast. Suitable one person. GLA. 3804.

LARGE well-furnished bed-sitting room to let. Use of kitchen and bathroom. C.H.W. Suit professional woman. GLA. 5131.

HAMPSTEAD. Large rooms in well-appointed house, nicely decorated and furnished. H. & C. basins, own bidet, ensuite, gas cooker, etc. 8 Belsize Grove. PRI. 2380.

OFFD. 2 part-furn. rms. & annexe rm. in lecturer's flt., W.11. Use tel. k. & b., const. H.W., cntl. htg. V. sparsely furn., suit people with furn. & wish own home with liberties of such. Terms by arrgt. Box 2757.

FINCHLEY Rd. Attractive room, twin divans. Gas cooker; bed linen, crockery supplied. H.c.w. Bath, toilet same floor. Two sharing £3 10s. week. Also single room, £2 week. Tel.: HAM. 2796.

COMF. accom. & board offered yng. man, Eng. foreign. W. Hampstead. Box 2732.

SMALL single room, 25s. p.w. incl. light/heat gas. HAM. 1581 after 6 p.m.

FURN. balcony-room, suit one or two, cooking, use, own gas-meter, use bath, tel. 1 min. buses. No linen or bedding. 2½ and 3gns. respectively. Phone Park 4819.

N. LONDON: small 1st floor flat, virtually unfurn.; 2 rooms, kit., share bathroom; about £3 p. wk. (includes elec. light, hot water). Caldwell, Hillside 1219.

W.14. Unf. basement flat, use part garden. £2 5s. Baby, cat, piano welcome. Rent-free by arrangement. Box 2660.

SEPT. 1-15. Flat with "Aga" & garden on Hampstead Heath. 1 double, 1 single bed. 3gns. p.w. incl. Box 2658.

PROF. woman offers div. rm. Share facils. Mut. independ. W. Mdx. 25s. Box 2704.

HIGHGATE Woods. Divan-rooms, 2gns. single, £3 double. Conveniences. Superior well-kept house. Refs. exchgd. TUDor 8207.

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S.C. furnished flat to let, 25 mins. N.E. London, near Coach route. 2 rooms, kitchen, bathroom. £3 10s. Box 2550.

SUMMER in London: Good-sized, quiet, sunny St. Pancras studio-room, pleasant view on Park, simply furnished, bath kitchen, phone, library, friendly cat. About Aug. 1 to Oct. 15. £2 weekly (or near). 8 Regent Sq., W.C.1. Ring Terminus 5195, 8-10.30 a.m.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

WIMPOLE St., W.1, 3 room s.c. 4th floor furn. flat. 6gns. p.w. Box 2713.

COTTAGE to let from end Aug. for 6 mnths. Nr. Lyngport, Som. Sitng-rm., dining-rm., 2 bedrms., bathrm., kit. Gas cooker & light. Sentry boiler. Tel. 1-acre ground. 10gns. per month. Longer let considered. Box 2651 or Lyngport 114.

SUSSEX village one mile sea, station. Five minutes unspoiled downs. Self-contained furn. part of country house. Dining, kit., bath, large studio room, double bedroom. 4gns. wkly. for long period. Box 2532.

EDINBURGH. For Festival Aug. 19-Sept. 7, furnished house in central area. 4 bedrooms. 8gns. weekly. Box 2587.

EXCHANGE Chelsea flat (7 rooms) for seaside or country cottage, Sussex, Kent, Hants. 2-3 weeks. (Do answer!) Box 2622.

YOUNG couple and well-conducted Siamese cat need part-furnished flat, London; 2 rooms, kitchen, bathroom. Box 2544.

WANTED by Oct., good s.c. unfurn. flat in converted house or small block, pref. W.8 or S.W. 2 bedrooms, one living-room, kitchen, bathrm., ground 1st floor or lift. Quiet tenants. Box 2531.

SEPT. 1: Two Cambridge grads. require s.c. furnished flat (Central London), 2 bedrms., sit., kitchen, Bath. Box 2529.

YOUNG woman pianist seeks accom. London, for self and piano. Box 2672.

ROOM wanted, London, by middle-aged woman student. Has some furn. Box 2664.

DESPERATE! Author and actress wife want unfurnished flat, studio or small house with gdn. Hampstead, St. John's Wood, Chelsea. Rent £350 max. No prem. Peter Noble, 25, Perrins Walk, N.W.3. Ham. 5944.

AFRICAN artist-art-teacher seeks furnished room August 19 for about six weeks, he would like working facilities. Hampstead area preferred. Box 2702.

WANTED, garden flat or small house, furn., phone, cent. htg. pref., by cultured couple and infant child, St. John's Wood, Kens., Chelsea or W.1, 3 b.r., liv. lounge, &c., 1 yr. lease, under 8gns. Box 2666.

FURN. flat rms. wtd. by yng. prof. couple within 40 mins. Stepney. Box 2607.

YOUNG couple seek s.c. unfurnished flat, S.E. London preferred. Prepared to do own decorations. Box 2619.

BUSINESS couple require S.C. furn. flat N.W. London from mid-Aug. Box 2621.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room near Univ. College Hospital wanted by quiet woman student. No attendance. Box 2625.

BACHELOR, 30, public school, seeks share of flat with one or two similar and young. Write BM/PNRP, London, W.C.1.

DESPERATE after 9 years' furn. accom., teacher, wife, baby, careful, reliable tenants, want 3-4 unfur. rms. Lond. Own bd., bathrm. W.C. Pref. use gdn. Box 2737.

GRADUATE couple with child seek furnished flat or house in London for six months or longer. Box 2629.

LOCAL Govt. Officer (Exec.), wife Health Visitor, sk. unfurn. flat, London area. Intelligent, appreciative couple. Box 2639.

INDIAN couple require Sept.-Nov. incl. bright, comf. furn. bed-sit. room and bath or small 3-rmd. flat, pref. with some service, but not essential if daily help. Box 2643.

LADY, private teacher, seeks warm comfortable accommodation with good separate cooking facilities. Box 2546.

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THRIVING Grocery Business, Banbury, good living accom., also new s.c. flat. Owner emigrating. Box 2659.

SUFFOLK shore, cont. 6-room house, bath, h.w. system, excel. substitutes for main services. ½ acre incl. mere. £2,000. Esp. suit writer, naturalist. MEA. 3801. 14 Rotherwick Rd., N.W.11, or Bawdsey 242.

DETACHED cottage, pretty Essex village 30 m. London. Two bed., 2 rec., K. and B., elec. main water (constant h.). drainage. Quarter half-acre garden. Outbuildings, one suitable conversion studio. £1,900. Box 2569.

PORTREE, Isle of Skye. For sale by Private Bargain, Terrace House, 5 Beaumont Crescent, containing 2 public rooms, 4 bedrooms, kitchen, scullery and bathroom (H. & C.), electric light. There is a small piece of ground at the back of the house on which is built a toolshed. Assessed rental £16. Feu-duty £3. Immed. possession. For further partics. & permission to view apply to Macdonald & Fraser, Solicitors, Portree.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 146 and 147

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